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NO. I.

ITALY FREE;

OR,

OUR HERO ABROAD.

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ITALY FREE;  
OR,  
OUR HERO ABROAD.

REPRESENTING THE ENLIGHTENED BATTLE OF THE AGE;

RECOUNTING THE

ORIGINAL AND HEROIC EXPEDITION OF OUR COUNTRYMAN,  
GENERAL POWER, WITH ITS THRILLING CAMPAIGNS,  
AND GLORIOUS AND FOR EVER DECISIVE  
ACTIONS AND VICTORIES;

BEGINNING AT ROME,

AND

ENDING IN A TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO PARIS.

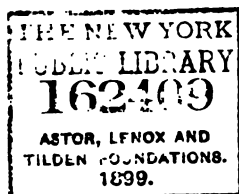
BY

ALEXANDER LOOKUP, Esq.,

Author of Forty Extraordinary Dramatic Romances, such as the present one,  
fifteen years in preparation, and never before made public.

NEW-YORK & LONDON:  
KENNEDY & COMPANY,  
483 Broadway, next to Wallack's Theatre.

1859.



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# ITALY FREE ;

OR,

## OUR HERO ABROAD.

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### BOOK I.

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#### CHAPTER I.

WE are in Paris, in no less a place than the Tuileries.

The Empress Eugenie is surrounded by her ladies in waiting, when upon a sudden enters Louis Napoleon, very much agitated, followed by a messenger, who delivers an urgent newspaper dispatch, and immediately betakes himself off.

Louis Napoleon reads :

‘General Power left New-York in steamer Enlightened Age, chartered expressly for the voyage to France and Italy, with a cargo of Enlightened Law Books; manned by a crew of French and Italian seamen, most enthusiastic in their adhesion to General Power and the Enlightened Platform, which he is about to elevate in Europe.’

Confusion ! De Morny, Walewski, Delangle, ho !

*Eugenie.* Oh, it is some most unusual news, to so decompose his Majesty !

*Louis.* Ho ! De Morny, Walewski, Delangle !

*Eug.* My lord !

*Louis.* Leave me alone some minutes, Eugenie !

[Thereupon exeunt the Empress Eugenie and her attendants. At the same time enters De Morny.]

*Louis.* De Morny, straightway call a council extraordinary.

*De M.* Pray, your Majesty, what has happened ?

*Louis.* Stand not to question ; summon immediate counsel, within the minute, De Morny !

[Upon that, exit De Morny, and at the same time re-enters the Empress Eugenie, unattended.]

*Eug.* Oh, what astounding stroke of terror shivers  
The hitherto confident and lion cheek  
Of Europe's arbiter, and France's chief !

[Staring on vacancy, and making no reply, Eugenie throws her arms around Napoleon, and weeps and sobs tumultuously on his adamant bosom.]

*Louis.* The battle of all the ages does approach, and how to meet it, I know not. If I bide inactive, I shall be thawed out ; and, if I move, I shall but precipitate my fate.

*Eug.* Alas ! my lord !

*Louis.* Hang General Power ! I do fear his star is pregnant with disaster to the house of Bonaparte.

[Here enters a messenger with telegraphic dispatch, which Louis opens and reads :

'The steamer Enlightened Age, having General Power on board, on his way to Italy, stopped at Havre ; and, notwithstanding every precaution of the police, quite a number of his Enlightened Law Books for Enlightened Law and Government were distributed, and afterwards devoured by the people with avidity.'

Enlightened Law ! Confusion ! That's a dangerous, new idea. Enlightened Government ! Hang it ! Why, translating

the Peoples to another sphere, that supersedes the Great Powers altogether. Hang General Power!

*Eug.* Enlightened Law and Government! Oh, methinks, That were the highest glory possible To France and all the world.

*Louis.* Go to! I am France! I create all her glory! My ambition is to found an illustrious dynasty. I ignore everything except what contributes to the grandeur of Bonaparte, and the imperial renown of Napoleon.

*Eug.* Methinks that Enlightened Law might yet be for the world the solution of every difficulty.

*Louis.* Leave me now, Eugenie. I'm sick! away! (Exit Eugenie.) Enlightened Law and Government! Why, that's what to stave off my grand uncle fondled the Pope, and I the same. Issue my orders to all the Prefects to destroy the Enlightened Law Book.

[Messenger is going, when his master stops him.—  
Messenger returns.

Stay! Telegraph my respects to General Power, and it will much please the Emperor Napoleon if he will immediately visit him at the Tuileries.

[Exit messenger. Enter Prince Napoleon, drunk and staggering.

*Prince.* Declare war! war immediate! immediate!

*Louis.* How now, my fiery, hair-brained cousin?

*Prince.* Anticipate General Power; ere by his enlightened conquests, rooting population, he annihilate the business of us capital state-riders. [Re-enter De Morny.

*Louis.* Is the counsel met, De Morny?

*De M.* Awaits, your Majesty.

*Prince.* I insist on being present. Declare war! war! immediate war! By lurid excitements of great battles, confound General Power's enlightened conquests.



*Louis.* Thou harum scarum, the critical moment is for sober heads. Away!

*Prince.* War! I insist upon it.

[Prince Napoleon is accompanying them, when Louis and De Morny shove him back, and exeunt.— Enter old Jerome Bonaparte, and Clothilde, Prince Napoleon's wife, on his arm.]

Father, give me my wife! I am impatient; for, without my wife, I am only a young man half made up.

*Jer.* Sober yourself first, my boy. [Exit Jerome, with Clothilde upon his arm.]

*Prince.* Father, I say! [Exit Prince, reeling round.]

[Enter United States Representative at Paris, and American Gentlemen.]

*Am. Gent.* I guess you will have to defer our introduction to some calmer time of the political elements. [Exclaiming in astonishment.]

*U. S. Rep.* Consternation reigns at the Tuileries, such as never since the popular seizure and destruction of the Bastille, first paralyzed Louis XVI, and Maria Antoinette, and their court. Even in spite of the marvelous upstart, the dapper lion, Napoleon III.

[Enter more American Gentlemen.]

*2d Am. Gent.* I pray some one to explain this sudden commotion, like the waves of the sea in the heart of the capital of the Arbiter of Europe.

*U. S. Rep.* A newspaper dispatch, that reports our countryman, General Power, en route for Europe, to promulgate Enlightened Law and Government.

*2d Am. Gent.* I don't see why that should create so much cowardly paralysis.

*3d Am. Gent.* The foundation's rotten. At least, here is every earthquake indication.

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*1st. Am. Gent.* Even Louis the sly and bold is imbecile at last, and cannot help himself.

*2d Am. Gent.* Oh, how I do wish our enlightened, inventive countryman success.

*3d Am. Gent.* The dapper lion of the Tuileries, with his anthropophagous tyrant brothers is soon to see himself melt away before the glowing flood of enlightenment, now beginning to rapture Europe.

*U. S. Rep.* Come, gentlemen! don't prophecy anything, but await the encouraging growth of enlightenment in Europe, under the auspices of our inventive countryman, General Power, sooner or later precipitating the blood-stained tyrants to their end.  
[Exeunt.]

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## CHAPTER II.

Rome—Enter Our Hero, the old inventive General Power from America; the young General Power of Italy, also from America, both disembarking with their friends and attendants; received on the quay by Prof. Dandolo and Students of the Universities and others, who lift the ethereal vault with their vociferous applauses.

*Old Gen. Power.* Flood all the cities of Italy with Enlightened Law Books.

*Young Gen. Power.* All at the same time come under Enlightened Law and Government, or not at all.

*Old. Gen. Power.* Frenchmen and Romans, Italians and all Europeans, you're individually sovereigns, even as soon as you embrace Enlightened Law and Government.

[Enter special Messenger from Louis Napoleon.]

*Mess.* The Emperor Napoleon sends his compliments to General Power, and it shall give him the extremest happiness if his old companion, upon his arrival in Europe, will immediately visit him; and, indeed, for the future, take up his abode at the Tuileries.

*Prof. Dandolo.* Now, go not thou to that Machiavellian capital state enchanter, who hath all the millions of France entranced—that boa constrictor to the forward cause of rapturous enlightened liberty, according to Heaven and perfect creed of Nature’s vital Author.

*Old Gen. Power.* Enlightened gentlemen, kings of Italy in the future, pray excuse me now. I cannot shirk an invitation from my old New-York friend, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. I’ll not be long away. Meanwhile, content yourselves with your enlightened countryman, the young General Power of Italy; an open air pupil of freedom, brought up in free America, of whom you can have all rapturous receipts of liberty you want. Adieu!

[Exeunt old General Power and Messenger. Enter more Students of the Universities.]

*1st Stu.* What’s the news?

*2d Stu.* Young General Power here, is arrived from glorious free America, with a ship load of Enlightened Law Books, to rapture old, inveterate, cankered Italy, and Europe withal.

[Introduces the young General Power to the other students.]

*2d Stu.* Happy to make your acquaintance, young General Power, educated in the great republic across the salt water

*1st Stu.* Enlightened Law Book! What is it all about?

*2d Stu.* The Enlightened Law Book teaches how to drop being haggard subjects of tyrants, and on the rapturous top of that, to become citizens of Heaven.

*1st Stu.* Oh, capital, so far !

*2d Stu.* Teaches, besides, how to get rich and how to keep rich ; how every lady and gentleman is sovereign in his proper sphere ; how all can become enlightened sovereigns ; and how enlightened sovereigns can do no wrong.

*1st Stu.* Oh, glorious law book ! if it do but a moiety of that.

[Enter Revolutionists, headed by Vortici and Machiavello, armed with pointed bayonets, and appealing passionately to the citizens.]

*Vort.* To arms ! Citizens, arouse ! Arouse ! To arms !

Austrian mercenaries are at our doors !

To ravish wives, to enslave children, and shoot ourselves !

*Mach.* To arms ! Arouse ! Arouse !

*Young Gen. Power.* No, gentlemen ; I beg of you sit down ! Sit down ! for goodness' sake ! Nothing to be got, but, like a rudderless ship in a high sea, a great deal thrown away, by flying distractedly about.

*Vort.* What slave is this ?

*2d Stu.* No slave ; but the young General Power of Italy, trained up in America, under the old inventive American General Power, for the enlightened conquests according to Nature.

*Vort.* By my soul ! a slave to accept burdens so light.

*1st Stu.* No slave, as we have said—a raptured sovereign—a man complete !

*Vort.* Psha ! psha ! I cannot bear this careless manner of endurance under oppression.

*1st Stu.* However, young General Power, sir, hath the promise of almighty strength in the future, and to raise up a great, enlightened, yea, omnipotent body of citizens, united in opposition to tyranny in Italy.

*Vort.* He is no man to sit inanimate  
Like indifferent Saturn, and country threatened.

*Young Gen. Power.* Gentlemen, 'tis true I love my life, and would not throw it away, especially where it couldn't advantage anybody. At the same time, I do so hate tyrants, that with other Americans, native and adopted, I have conceived a plan to extirpate them, yea, rid a grateful world of despots immediately and forever.

*Vort.* Come on, citizens! and shape out our rapturous liberties through the furnace draft of revolution, annihilating the plagued tyrants.

*1st Stu.* First hear enlightened plan of American friend  
To end the several grinding tyrants.

*Young Gen. Power.* Sit down, gentlemen, and I'll explain!

*Vort.* A miserly slave! a drudge to business!

On, citizens, and charge the Austrians—

On! on!

[Vortici and Machiavello flourishing swords.

*Young Gen. Power.*

Gentlemen, better way than revolution—

Were universally to root population;

So erect great breastwork, yea, impregnable wall

As heaven, heaving down to immediate ruin

Insolent invader Hapsburg.

*Vort.* Austria universally burns like the central fire in Italy.

*Mach.* But, like the ocean, we Italian patriots are all around our country.

*Vort.* Then every one fly at the oppressor's throat.

*Mach.* Italia fara da se!

*Vort.* On! on! Death to Hapsburg!

[Exeunt Vortici and Machiavello, at head of a corps of armed citizens.]

[Enter the Merchants and business men of Rome, who shake hands with young General Power.]

*Young Gen. Power.*

Gentlemen, as you'd see Italy independent,  
Sit down, yea, plant like Hercules your feet firm !

[Some sit down, others appear reluctant. Many  
refuse altogether, ridiculing the young Gen. Power.]

To rouse you up to dash upon destruction,  
Is just what crafty tyrants most desire.  
Sit down !

[Enter more Professors and Students.]

*1st. Stu.* Here's the original young General Power from  
America, fraught like Neptune with popular receipts for  
liberty.

[Shake hands with the young General Power.]

*3d Stu.* Welcome, General,  
Nothing so easy as to arouse Italy,  
And drive the Austrians beyond the Alps.

[Enter and rush across the stage more revolutionists with vociferous appeals of Arouse ! to arms !  
to arms ! The armed oppressor is at our doors.]

*Young Gen. Power.* Why, gentlemen, if all Italy were to  
rise from the Gulf of Taranto to the Alps, the Austrian army  
might certainly suffer partial losses ; but, in the long run,  
would always be able again to make herself mistress of the  
Italian peninsula.

*Citizens.* Is that a fact ?

*Young Gen. Power.* Gentlemen, there never was so great  
reason for sitting down, and raising up a universal breast-  
work in Italy as now, when the Hapsburg tyrant is pressing  
you on one hand, and Louis cajoling you upon the other.

*Prof. Dand.* I know 'tis difficult,  
When a magnanimous nation's stung to phrenzy,  
To listen to advice of sober reason.

*1st Stu.* Take young General Power's advice, and all sit down like future, enlightened kings of Italy.

*Prof. Dand.* For what, if revolution were successful, it would only substitute another despot for Austria.

*Young Gen. Power.* Outrageous tyrant, Hapsburg, gradually encroaching with tiger stratagems of power, having equipped one part of God's enlightened estate against another, Austria against Italy, and covered her defiles and strong places with impregnable forts, so that your fair country is literally by the tyrant bound in chains; no uprising, nor revolution can cripple Austria, or do Italy any good.

*Students.* Oh, we're dashed to earth that were in heaven !  
[Start to their feet, and charge with pointed bayonets.]

Death to Austria ! Live Italy ! [Enter Red Republican Revolutionists, exclaiming,

*Red Repub.* Austrians are coming ! To arms ! To arms !

*Young Gen. P.* Stop, stop ! O gentlemen, yet a minute stop !  
With enlightened patience hear me to the end,  
Knowing effectual way to deal with tyrants.

*Red Repub.* No ; except at the point of the bayonet, no salvation to Italy. [Upon the clamorous alarm of 'Austrians coming,' exeunt many with pointed bayonets.]

*Young Gen. P.* Yes, there is plenty redemption if you'll sit manfully down, but none, I assure you, if you rise phrenziedly up, and fly at bristling, mountainous Austria.

*Merch.* Citizens, let us sit down, for I guess our original inventive American friend has some mighty reserve of forces hidden away in this brief, sententious phrase of 'sit down.'

[All sit down, but with their bayonets between their knees.]

*Young Gen. P.* Sit down, gentlemen !  
Gentlemen, what you want to oppose Austria,  
Isn't fiery revolution, substituting  
One tiger power for another ; but,

Rapturous enlightened foothold in God's ship  
For all the population.

*1st Stu.* Capital! Now our inventive American friend has certainly divined the great want.

*Prof. Dand.* Yes! it is enlightenment, and enlightened law!

*Young Gen. P.* No way of regeneration  
For Italy, but to every one sit down.  
So rooting population, raise up wall,  
Rapturous, celestial, impregnable;  
Heaving down galling tyrant Hapsburg and  
Every other tyrant.

[Enter the Pope's prelatical ushers, in red stockings  
and cross-adorned doublet. Enter the Pope Pius  
IX. himself and his Swiss guard.]

*1st Stu.* O, look, just see now, there goeth the beloved of  
his people under considerate escort of a hedge of mercenary  
steel! Ha! ha! ha!

*2d Stu.* Ay, ha! ha! ha!

*1st Stu.* Stop, he sticks his scarlet body out of his gilded  
coach, as if going to lecture our enlightened heroic young  
General Power of Italy.

*Pope Pius IX.* Thou abomination! Thou imported plague  
Of America, out of our Pious States.

*Young Gen. P.* By no means, having rapturous confidence  
In the Enlightened Law Book, elevating Italy  
All like the heaven in perfect union  
Of innumerable variety with harmony.

*Pope Pius IX.* Ho! telegraph to our well beloved protector  
Napoleon Third! And telegraph to Austria;  
Announce the peril wherein we hourly stand.

[Exeunt Messengers.

Thou loathed plague, corrupting our true lieges!  
Thou unholy dragon, detestable thing in existence!



Hence! Vanish! What? won't leave? Wilt defy head  
Of holy faith! My Swiss guard, charge the dragon!

[His Holiness' Guard level bayonets and charge  
Enlightened Kings of Italy. The raptured Sovereigns  
of the future in a hurry seize their lances and  
put the Swiss precipitately to the route. The Pope  
in a great rage orders his coachman to drive on.]

*Young Gen. P.* Let all Italy sit down and wait on God's  
Redeemer, Enlightened Law and government for the general  
well being.

*All.* We approve it!

*Young Gen. P.* St. Peters be turned into a rapturous  
University, or perfect church of Nature's Author, together  
with every other church in Rome.

*All.* O capital invention! O enlightened thought!

*Prof. Dand.* But how will this dispose of Austria? That's  
the pressing question before every other just now.

*Young Gen. P.* Seek not to drive forth Austria's mercenaries,  
but declare a homestead for every individual soldier of  
her army, as well as to all your own soldiers. So raise up invulnerable  
rampart against invasive tyrant Hapsburg; and, by your enlightened  
example, ravishing Austria's population as well, tumble Hapsburg  
straightway into pit of imbecility, shame and contempt.

*All.* O capital, capital!

*Prof. Dand.* Why this would institute Heaven as the  
capitol of the world in all the future.

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, it undoubtedly would.

*All.* Bravo, young General Power from America.

*Prof. Dand.* A most consummate, triumphant idea of  
our American friend.

*Students.* Bravo! away! let us act upon it.

[Exeunt Students.]

*1st Mer.* How much is needed to deliver Italy?

*Young Gen. Power.* About a hundred million dollars, whereof you will want no more than twenty to start upon.

*2d Mer.* Only twenty million dollars to purchase off Hapsburg's mercenaries, and deliver Italy ! and renovate her, besides, with vigorous addition of new blood !

*Prof. Dand.* Oh, soon to be perfect, rapturous Italy ! enlightened Italy ! magnetically upheld with all the world, else fulfilling omnipotent path like the planet.

*Young Gen. Power.* Ay, gentlemen, twenty million dollars would buy homesteads for every individual soldier of Hapsburg's mercenaries, and of Louis's legions, as well as settle down your own soldiers. Let Italy alone undertake enlightened conquests in the future. Rather welcome barbarians, and assimilate them in enlightened manner, by drafting them to small homesteads, and marrying them straightway to the ladies of Italy, thousands of whom are now castaways, by which you raise a rampart against the wily tyrants, Louis Napoleon and Francis Joseph, even with warlike material of their own force, and put an impassable Alps of yeomen and lion-hearted defenders of hearthstones between you and the tyrants.

*1st Stu.* What we next want, is to immediately declare Enlightened Republic in Italy.

*Young Gen. Power.* Gentlemen, only get the Enlightened Law, and put it in ecstatic practice, and the Diamond Republic will come itself of necessity ; but to proclaim the Republic without first ravishing Enlightened Law and universal foundation for the people, would be to build an edifice in the quicksand, soon surrounded and destroyed by tyrants and their crafty state inventions.

*All.*

Bravo !

*2d Mer.* Aye, we now shall institute the Enlightened Law,

The broad, impregnable base of liberty,  
All rectified, at start, like the arched sky.

Come, young General Power! behold, all Rome is come forth.

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## BOOK II.

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### CHAPTER I.

Council Chamber in the Tuileries.

Enter the Members of Louis Napoleon's Cabinet, Fould, De Morny, Walewski, Delangle, Jerome Bonaparte, and other high counsellors. Louis Napoleon seated at the table, his head leaned upon his elevated hand, in apparent dubious thought. Enter a messenger with newspaper dispatch. The Emperor grasps it, and reads:

*Louis Nap.* 'General Power, in the Enlightened Age, commanded by Commodore Diamond, has landed at Genoa, Leghorn, and several other of the sea-ports of Italy, and been everywhere received with open arms by the Italians. More than a million copies of his Enlightened Law Book have been distributed, that has ravished the population with a prospect of immeasurable opulent future. Our Inventive American Friend, as the Italians do hail him, has opened an enthusiastic campaign, of what he calls Enlightened Conquests, according to Nature; whereby, he says, he'll transport Italy entirely, and annihilate Hapsburg's black eagles, and what's the most amazing part of all the programme, without the sacrifice of a drop of the people's blood or treasure.'

[Enter a second messenger with another printed telegraphic dispatch, which Napoleon seizes with avidity, and reads:

'General Power, or the Inventive American Friend, as the Italians call him, has announced in Italy, the opening of the campaign for the Enlightened Conquest of Europe, according to the everlasting method of Nature, to agglomerate all the nations by Enlightened Law, like the healthful human body, as he says, and raise them up universally in opulence and content, like Heaven and Sovereign Originator of all things.'

[Louis starts up, and paces the room with extended and rapid strides, exclaiming]

Inventive American Friend, arrived in Italy!

*De Morny.* Hanged unfortunate!

'Tis for us speculators on the stock market.

*Louis Nap.* Fear of American Hercules shrinks me up,  
Who hitherto am arbiter like Fate.

[Enter old General Power and American gentlemen, ushered by valet, unnoticed by Napoleon, abstracted and self-wrapt up.]

*Louis Nap.* Evidently, the spring time advances, that will everlastingly thaw out the great Powers.

*1st Am. Gent.* Hyperborean scourges! Monstrous inventors!

*Louis Nap.* Of Europe, all the world!

*1st Am. Gent.* Hitherto Tartarean, like the frantic interior of a burning furnace, by your stereotype oppression.

*Louis Nap.* Disband our armies, or rather plant them down.

*1st Am. Gent.* Now, were not that glorious cause of congratulation?

*Louis Nap.* And universally transport the peoples away.

*1st Am. Gent.* To heaven and enlightened, omnipotent unity.

*Louis Nap.* Walewski, De Morny, ho!

*1st Am. Gent.* Old General Power, if Europe's dictator, adroit as the crouching tiger to complete an effectual spring upon advantages, offers to detain you by violence, you just halloo out for your countrymen, waiting in the ante-chamber.

[Exeunt American Gentlemen.]

*Louis Nap. Walewski, De Morny, Delangle, ho!*

[Calls loud as if to summon them from adjoining room.]

*All.* Here!

*Louis Nap.* What do you think?

*Walewski.* A great deal in wonder of your evident distraction.

*De Morny.* Hitherto like adamant all compact and perfect!

*Louis Nap.* General Power threatens with almighty cement, Enlightenment, to bind all Europe peacefully together without ever wetting paper with ink, without treaty, or army to back it up.

*All.* O hanged unfortunate, he'll use us up!

*Louis Nap.* Stop! who is the gentleman?

*Valet.* Your imperial majesty, General Power from America.

*Louis Nap. (Aside.)* Ha, what an open contrast, to my own covert, hypocrite, contriving self!—General Power, eh!

*Old Gen. P.* Ay! your majesty's old friend in New-York.

*Louis Nap.* General Power! Ha, 'tis individual power I do covet, (aside) and to tie the world to my ambitious policy. Ha! ha! ha! General Power, eh?

[Glances at him fearfully.]

*Old Gen. P.* Who would initiate your Majesty in the greatest of all conquests, the Enlightened Conquests according to Nature.

*Louis Nap.* Ha, I'm staggered, being Nature's own oppressor. (aside.)

*Old Gen. P.* More power in freedom than tyranny.

*Walewski* As we've proved in democratic America he'll say.

*Old Gen. P.* The truth is, in Europe, the power not being distributed by enlightened government, is all employed to enslave itself—unprofitable position of affairs as Zahara parched up by her own engendered heat.

[The Emperor continues to glance at General Power fearfully, who in return confronts him with countenance candid as the sun.]

*Louis Nap.* Ha, what d'you say?

*Old Gen. P.* That by Enlightened Conquest France might annex the world without bloodshed.

[Napoleon with an effort bridles himself.

*Louis Nap.* Now, General, sit down along side me, here, and tell me, my particular friend, what brought you to Europe?

*Old Gen. P.* To complete it altogether by Enlightened Conquests according to Nature.

*Louis Nap.* But, my dear fellow, you'll upset the pyramid of thrones and armies. Your Enlightened Conquests according to Nature, are very beautiful, full of truth as heaven, but—

*Old Gen. P.* What possible objection, then, can your Majesty have to their prosecution?

*Louis Nap.* My dear fellow, you'd vault the people up above their rulers, a feat of gymnastics that would be plaguy inconvenient for myself you know.

*Old Gen. P.* Your Majesty can go into business.

*Louis Nap.* Business, Power! I, Napoleon, the eagle master of the position in Europe, engage in vulgar business?

*Old Gen. P.* Faith, business promises to be imperially profitable in forthcoming innumerable mature time.

*Walewski.* O inventive American friend, you must do no

such thing as you threaten, that is elevate the foundation of Peoples, for that would be to heave down us capital state riders.

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, Enlightenment, that's the enemy of none, is the best for all men.

*Walewski.* We know it, my old boy, but then you're enlightening so fast that you'll thaw us out and out immediately.

*Louis Nap.* Lo, I do here create the General, Duke of Jura, and a member of my cabinet, and endow him with a great estate and a hundred thousand francs yearly.

*Old Gen. P.* I cannot take any of them.

*Louis Nap.* I salute the Duke of Jura with the title of Grand Marshal of the French Empire.

*Old Gen. P.* Excuse me, your Majesty. I did not visit you in expectation of titles. I never could contemplate my desertion of enlightened principles, for they've a title to higher plane, for Europe, all the world, than imagination can now compass.

*Walewski.* You are an adventurer, sir!

*Old Gen. P.* Never was cause so greatly needed adventurer as Enlightened Law and Government to unite the world complete without treaty. Besides, your Majesty, only think of the heavenly propriety of the thing.

*Walewski.* Hang it! Hang it! a villainous cause! an arrant, wicked thing!

*Old Gen. P.* Fortune has adventurers enough. Enlightened government never one, though it would ravish a fortune for all the world without any more ado.

*Walewski.* Would it though? ha!

*De Morny.* 'Twere not so agreeable to us capital state riders.

*Old Gen. P.* Pray, your Majesty, accept a copy of the Enlightened Law Book.

[Puts Enlightened Law Book in Louis' hands, who staggers back and drops paralyzed into a chair.]

*Walewski.* The devil's in your Law Book !

*De Morny.* I never before saw Napoleon in this paralytic spell.

*Walewski.* The devil's in his Law Book ! That's certain !

*Old Gen. P.* No, heaven is in it. Courage, your Majesty ! for, I assure you, whatever is begotten of the most complete enlightenment, is the right thing for you and everybody, without exception.

*De Morny.* O the devil !

*Walewski.* To wake up Europe by Enlightening,  
Would change it totally ; forego the idea.

[The members of Napoleon's Cabinet draw swords,  
and threaten the Old General Power.]

*All.* Renounce the idea !

*Walewski.* Or by heaven !

*Old Gen. Power.* That's Europe in a few enlightened years.

*All.* We'll severally strike you dead.

[Surround him with threatening and drawn swords,  
ready to descend, as if they would immediately  
cut him down to the ground.]

*Louis Nap.* Walewski, I say, Walewski ?

[Struggling with his paralysis, and trying to fly to  
the General's rescue.]

*Old Gen. Power.* I'll have to call in my American friends,  
if ye treat me, his Majesty's guest, in this dishonorable, un-  
becoming manner.

*Am. Gent.* (Outside.) Stop ! stop ! ye're ten to one.

[Voices heard at the door, accompanied with knocking  
to force an entrance.]

*Louis Nap.* Walewski, De Morny, forbear !



*Am. Gent.* (Heard vociferating without.) Down your weapons, cowards; shame to draw swords on an aged gentleman.

[Violent remonstrances and knocking outside continued.]

*Walewski.* What spell has come o'er Europe's eagle master?  
[Re-enter American gentlemen.]

*Old Gen. Power.* Gentlemen, his Imperial Majesty sent for me to visit him. I am his guest.

*Louis Nap.* I command you, offer my old friend no violence.

*Old Gen. Power.* Good day, your Majesty!

[General Power going.]

*Walewski.* Hold him back! He hath the world in his arms, to rapture it sheer away.

*All.* Stop him, ho!

*De Morny.* Get between him and the door. *Walewski* and all of us intercept General Power.

*Walewski.* Power, Power, I say.

*Louis Nap.* General Power, my old friend, you're not going to leave me, eh?

*De Morny.* You cannot refuse the Emperor Napoleon.

*Old Gen. Power.* Nor the billion if they'll accept Enlightened Law and Government, perfecting them all in fortune. Gentlemen, pray let me forth.

*Louis Nap.* General, I beg of you delay your going; I have known you long, General; in America you were my generous old friend.

[Louis Napoleon grows exceedingly fond all in a minute.

Flees to General Power, grasps his hand, leads him to a chair, and puts his arm around his neck.]

*Louis Nap.* Sit down again, my good fellow, my old chum, and tell me why you go on so!

*Walewski.* Having this dangerous man, this cosmopolitan

Catiline, I may say, now in your custody, keep him a close prisoner the rest of his life.

*Louis Nap.* At least if our Columbus will put off his enlightening the matter of a hundred years, it would be mighty convenient for me and my capital state friends.

*De Morny.* O, it must be a thousand years to give his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon's dynasty, a sufficient figure in the future's history.

*Louis Nap.* O my old friend, before you go, there, take the trifling matter of a present, as some memento of your visit.

[Pushes into his vest pocket a patent of nobility, title deed of the Dukedom of Jura, and fastens a star and ribbon on his breast.]

*Old Gen. P.* Really, your Majesty, I wish you would not lay me under such obligations.

*Louis Nap.* O, don't speak of it, I do it for the glory of France.

*Old Gen. P.* Glory of France is Enlightened Conquests according to Nature. I hope those presents are not to prevent Heaven's opulent and soon-to-be popular Kingdom, because if they are, you see—

*Louis Nap.* O, don't speak of it! I make you those presents for the glory of France, and no more about it. Adieu.

*Old Gen. P.* Adieu, your imperial Majesty!

[Exeunt General Power and American Gentlemen.]

*Louis Nap.* Power, Power, General Power.

I shudder to be pitted against Power.

So original actor and tactician,

Who threatens war of annihilation,

Not by gunpowder, but enlightened conquests,

Rapturing the people up entirely, and

Heaving down tyrannous powers in despair.

*Walewski.* Power's a great name, your Majesty.

*Louis Nap.* 'Tis concentrated essence of majestic force.

*De Morny.* A great name is Power, but no name equals Napoleon for an Emperor.

*Walewski.* Napoleon ! The world never heard of a name more suited to an Emperor than Napoleon, at once imperial as Cæsar, and as captivating and popular as heaven, bending over and around the universal world.

*Louis Nap.* O, name of meteor-like force and operation ! As the immeasurable concave arch beckons the flame that leaps to overpower and conquer, so does the unbounded inspiring surname of Napoleon lift me upward and ever upward as it did my grand uncle.

*De Morny.* Napoleon ! yes, it is a boundless name to conquer under, recuperating national strength and political faith, cementing Empire like the centre and sovereign seat of attraction itself.

*Louis Nap.* Napoleon ! Napoleon ! But keep repeating that boundless name of force and inspiration ; of gravity and of attraction, and I need fear nothing. Now, gentlemen, retire ! Leave me to mine own inventive thoughts, wherein, like an infinite mine, I never fail to find suitable expedient.

[Exeunt Fould, De Morny, Walewski, and Delangle.

Napoleon opens the Enlightened Law Book, and eagerly reads contents.]

'Enlightened Conquests according to Nature do in a few years change the face of the world universally without war, or treaty of the frigid Powers, whom, in fact, they liquidate and forever merge among the sovereign Enlightened People, citizens of Diamond Republic of capital, trade and industry, heirs of glory in Nature's Empire and God's Rapturous Heaven or earth.' Fould, De Morny, Walewski, ho !

[Re-enter members of Louis Napoleon's Cabinet

*Louis Nap.* After General Power, and offer him to return my continued imperial bounty. Communicate to him that I have a proposition of utmost moment.

[Exeunt and anon re-enter with General Power and American Gentlemen.]

Gentlemen, leave me alone with General Power.

[Exeunt the Members of Cabinet and American Gentlemen.]

O, my good fellow, my too inventive American friend!

*Old Gen. P.* What does your Majesty want with me a second time?

*Louis Nap.* Ah, to embrace my old capital American acquaintance, I had forgotten—General, welcome! Welcome, Power!

[Embraces General Power.]

*Old Gen. P.* Happy to meet your Majesty in your august palace of the Tuileries!

*Louis Nap.* Welcome, Power! How appropriately beautiful those words do mate.

*Old Gen. P.* Your imperial Majesty, happy to meet you.

*Louis Nap.* Welcome, Power! Don't you note the appropriate marriage formed by those two words?

*Old Gen. P.* I do, your Majesty. What of that?

*Louis Nap.* That having got ye, General Power, I appropriate ye!

[Continues embracing him with affected warmth.]

Why don't you embrace me warmer, General?

*Old Gen. P.* I'm content to shake your Majesty's hand. The men don't need to hug one another in our open hearted country.

*Louis Nap.* But, fy, be more identified with your friend.

*Old Gen. P.* Your Majesty, I wish you'd not be so confounded affectionate,

*Louis Nap.* A collation set forth, ho!

[Holds old General Power tight in his arms.

*Old Gen. P.* I can't stand it! I'll never be able to tear myself away from your luxurious Palace.

*Louis Nap.* Indeed I don't intend ever to part from you, Power.

*Old Gen. P.* I do not deserve man's flatteries.

*Louis Nap.* Power! Power! Power!

I ne'er can give thee up, nor suffer thee

Out of my imperial admiring sight;

Now pray sit down, and tell me why you are  
General Power, eh?

*Old Gen. P.* You see, your Majesty, our free American institutions give every man a chance, and so Power is pretty generally shared over the water, or rather no power; or strong arm of government is needed in my enlightened country.

*Louis Nap.* Ah, General Power, you're almighty strong!

*Old Gen. P.* It is to ravish for Europe the same enlightened unity that I'm come hither. [Collation set forth.

*Louis Nap.* O don't speak of it for heaven's sake. Unity! 'twould confound governments. General, eat! You're too pregnant with imagination, and monstrous big and ugly conceits! Eat, my boy! Eat! Drink the foaming champagne cup! Ha, ha, we know how to enjoy the fruits of the earth. Ha, ha, ha! Your health, General, my old American friend, dropping the plagued inventive.

*Old Gen. P.* Here's to your Majesty's health, and all blessings compatible with heaven upon you.

*Louis Nap.* Order my carriage! No, stop, the General and I will ride. The prettiest Arabian blood's in my imperial stables, ho! [Exeunt Lackeys.

*Old Gen. P.* Truly your Majesty will kill me with kindness.

*Louis Nap.* Come, my dear, dear old American friend! General Power, Duke of Jura, Grand Marshal of the French Empire, as good as my brother whom I can never drop in future, no, never!

*Old Gen. P.* O dear, I'll be corrupted with your Majesty's flatteries.

*Louis Nap.* To encourage genius I take a mighty magnanimous pride as did my unbounded great uncle. Duke of Jura, come! Ride we and take the air in the Bois de Boulogne.  
[Exeunt arm in arm.]

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## CHAPTER II.

A vista in the Bois de Boulogne. The Emperor Napoleon Third, and old General Power taking the air on horseback, the former doing his utmost to enthrall the latter by every species of fascinating conversation. They alight and walk.

*Old Gen. P.* I'm most surprised your Majesty should have sent for me again. Such a great man as your Majesty is, wrapt in your royal and exclusive glory in your palace, how in the world could you think of noticing a poor inventor to this extent?

*Louis Nap.* General, you know you're my old friend from the new world, America, that plagued Columbus discovered. Ha, ha, ha!

*Old Gen. Power.* I thank your Majesty for so many striking proofs of your affection.

[Enter the three Recording Angels in robes of intolerable brightness, each with tablets in her spiritual fingers.]

*Louis Nap.* What nondescript creatures, yet uncounted tenants, of unexplored zones are ye!

*Rec. Angels.* Three enlightened spirits of the raptured sky.

*Louis Nap.* No! Fiends and furies!

To adventure on my lion path.

*Rec. Angels.* Neither, but the Recording Angels.

*Louis Nap.* Answer me, what brought ye hither!

Trespassers on my peace!

*Rec. Angels.* Hear! hear! hear!

France's scourge!

And Europe's fear!

Great mystery of the world at large!

Hear! hear! hear!

*Louis Nap.* O General Power! heroic, inventive American! stand by! be my friend! for never, I swear, was so momentous occurrence before in all my wonderful historical life!

[Trembles and clings to General Power, who holds him courageously embraced.]

Speak, if ye've revelation

Pertinent to make! declare to us Europe's future.

*1st Rec. Angel.* Write on our tablets

Europe Enlightened, ravished complete,

Without a treaty, without wetting paper

With ordinary diplomatic ink.

*Louis Nap.* I do command ye to content me more,  
What is the issue of Enlightened Law?

*2d Rec. Angel.* The end, the sudden end of outrageous tyrants

And all their Pharisaic State inventions

For slaughtering God's heaven and People's unity.

*Louis Nap.*

Avaunt!

Ye blind my eye sight and confound my brain,

With whirlwind events in immediate popular future.  
 Avaunt! ho, General Power! General Power!

*Old Gen. Power.* Do not fear,  
 I have fast hold of your Majesty!

*Louis Nap.* I thought I stood upon the dizzy edge  
 Of precipice, and that invisible agent  
 Did push me toward the hideous vacant steep.

*Old Gen. Power.* Good, sir!

*Louis Nap.* O memory returns! I'm overpowered! I  
 strive in tempestuous flood! O General Power, dismiss me  
 those intrusive spirits, dazzling like light past measure!

*Old Gen. Power.* Say who are ye,  
 Vested in lustrous azure of the sky?

*Rec. Angels.* Hast thou forgotten thine enlightened mission?

*1st Rec. Angel.* Man of the People! tear thyself away  
 from that capital State tiger Napoleon, stealing on advantages  
 with velvet foot and inevitable leap, that serpent Bonaparte,  
 destroying by his treacherous folds the hallowed cause of  
 liberty throughout the world.

*2d Rec. Angel.* The sovereigns of Italy  
 Have chose the Queen of Heaven to represent them,  
 And all is ready to inaugurate  
 The Enlightened Conquests, ending plagued tyrants.

*Louis Nap.* Queen of Heaven to inaugurate Enlightened  
 Conquests. O then truly is government tyranny at an end!

*1st Rec. Angel.* General Power,  
 At once renounce a sly imperial tempter.

*2d Rec. Angel.* Straightway, proceed on thine enlightened mission.

*3rd Rec. Angel.* General Power, thou art all due to the  
 people,  
 Nothing to crafty State manœuvres.



*Louis Nap.* Avaunt !  
 Dazzling visitants of enlightened spheres.  
 Away ! Begone ! Avaunt ! Avaunt !

*1st Rec. Angel.* General Power, straightway on thy enlightened mission.

[Struggles to break away from Napoleon, who holds him tenaciously embraced.]

*2d Rec. Angel.* Forever separate from God and the People's enemies, and away on thy enlightened tour around the world.

*Louis Nap.* O, furies, tearing my friend so from me !

[General Power finally breaks from the Emperor Napoleon Third. Exeunt the Three Recording Angels, beckoning the Inventive American Friend, following them implicitly like a child. Presently a railway train comes up. General Power signals it to stop, Power leaps on the platform. Napoleon follows, entreating the General to halt.]

Duke of Jura, stop ! General Power, I shall execute in your favor a deed of trust of the Empire. All is thine, General Power, if you do remain.

*Old Gen. Power.* Impossible ! Good bye, your Majesty.

[Power bows an adieu to the Emperor, and train moves on.]

*Louis Nap.* General Power is gone ! Now, Despair like the furies seizes me, tho' Europe's approved master. Hence ! order a Congress of Paris to convene on the instant.

[Exit Napoleon Third.]

## CHAPTER III.

A room in the Tuileries. Mesdames Walewski and De Morny in conversation. Enter Russian Ambassador and gentlemen.

*Rus. Am.* What's the matter in the Tuileries? There's such sad distraction on the face of things, as France's present master were o'ertook with poor old Louis XVI. imbecility.

*Mad. De M.* In fact the report is gone abroad that the Emperor, Napoleon Third, has finally met his match in a genius from America.

[Enter the Austrian Ambassador and gentlemen.

*Aus. Am.* What's the matter that haggard terror now usurps royal state proper to the palace of France's lion ruler?

*Mad. W.* A little, little naughty book  
Has e'en created all the untoward shock.

*Rus. Am.* A book! What's its title?

*Mad. W.* The Enlightened Law-Book!

*Rus. Am.* Where's a copy of it? [Looking round.

*Mad. W.* The Members of Cabinet, as if it were a toad, or the deadly Medusa itself, have made away with it, I think.

*Mad. De M.* Because like the cockatrice, though very scarce, it kills by one appearance. O, my lord!

*Mad. W.* O it did, what nothing ever yet has done, put his imperial Majesty quite beside himself.

*Rus. Am.* Who introduced the book to the Tuileries? Who's the author, the publisher?

*Mad. W.* Imported by a pretended old friend of the Emperor, a strange genius from America, country of precedents dangerous to Europe, pregnant as brawling Neptune with brief ravishing popular receipts for liberty?

*Rus. Am.* Who?

*Mad. W.* General Power!

*Rus. Am.* O that's name of prodigious potency!

*Aus. Am.* What's he like?

*Mad. W.* O, the rough'st original heap  
Of nature, nigh impossible to shape,  
As chaos ere arrayed by light.

*Aus. Am.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Rus. Am.* Ha, no jesting matter! 'Tis just such rugged original pieces of nature, where lay hidden the great incitements, the rich metals, the precious inducements, that ravish population away from their centres into astonishing new and grand courses.

*Mad. De M.* Let us hence! now aid her Majesty to entertain the guests at the palace.

*Mad. De M.* Ay, and by every means direct attention from the evident distraction of the Emperor and his government.

[Exeunt Mesdames Walewski and De Morny. Enter rapidly Napoleon Third, and Members of his Cabinet somewhat wildly excited.]

*Louis Nap.* Telegraph to arrest the Duke of Jura, ho!

*De Morny.* Your imperial Majesty, directly straightway!  
[Accordingly, exit De Morny upon the errand.]

*Louis Nap.* Away M. Le Minister De L Autriche! Telegraph to your master on the minute.

*Aus. Am.* Sire, what of?

*Louis Nap.* You M. Le Minister De La Russie, the same.  
Telegraph to St. Petersburg within the hour.

*Rus. Am.* Whereof, your Majesty?

*Louis Nap.* I have appointed Congress of Paris to assemble at the Tuileries within fourteen days from to-day.

*Aus. Am.* Sire, what about?

- Louis Nap.* Question not !  
Sufficient, that the end is threatened !  
Yea, the e'erlasting masterly winding up.  
*Rus. Am.* O now, what of, your imperial Majesty ?  
*Louis Nap.* The end is threatened of the Powers of Europe,  
And indeed of enlightened world.  
*Ambassadors.* O, astonishing news !  
*Walewski.* Especially to drop from lips of Europe's master !  
*De Morny.* Whom or what has your Majesty seen under heaven ?  
*Rus. Am.* Is the central fire burst forth ?  
*Louis Nap.* By heaven I would it were !  
The danger is the enlightened opposite way,  
Elevating the subjects by Enlightened Law.  
*All.* O confusion !  
*Rus. Am.* Truth, 'twere of thrones the inevitable ruin.  
*Louis Nap.* But enough ! telegraph on the instant to  
your respective governments. My imperial cousins themselves meet me in a conference at Paris a fortnight hence.  
*Aus. Am.* O staggering intelligence !  
[Exeunt Napoleon Third and Members of his Cabinet.  
*Rus. Am.* Away ! both telegraph on the instant.  
[Exeunt Russian and Austrian Ministers.

## CHAPTER IV.

Scene, a room in the Tuileries. Enter Louis Napoleon, Francis Joseph, alias Hapsburg, and Victor Emmanuel.

*Hapsburg.* O, my dear fellow, I wonder we had ever any falling out about Italy !

[Hapsburg and Napoleon exchange salutations.

*Louis Nap.* Cousins, Gen. Power has arrived from America.

*Hapsburg.* General Power ? General Power ? O that's perfect conjunction of words.

*Louis Nap.* Ay, my cousins !

*Victor Emmanuel.* O alack, that's brief compact omnipotent sentence as a judgment upon us !

*Louis Nap.* More than that, too, embodying great ideas, Extraordinary, captivating and popular, Distributing all the military Powers among The Enlightened people, rapturing every man How poor soe'er with royal privilege of King.

*Hapsburg.* General Power ! O that were death to individual power, truly.

*Louis Nap.* And this man, General Power, the inventive American Friend as they name him, has ravished besides a way for the People to immediately accomplish impregnable Diamond Republic by his Enlightened Law Book.

*Hapsburg.* By Enlightened Law Book !

*Victor Emmanuel.* O, how, cousin Louis ?

*Louis Nap.* Presenting infinite better way Than unprofitable and barren tyranny, By Enlightened rational Conquests after Nature, Revealing powers to the world as murderers, Monstrous inventors and unnatural butchers.

*Hapsburg.* O save we do anticipate General Power  
No hope remains in the future.

*Victor Emmanuel.* O, we shall straightway be hove out  
of Europe.

*Hapsburg.* O rises up the impassable bleak end  
Freezing and withering like Arctic prospect !

*Louis Nap.* To abandon  
Our absolute ground as the divinely crowned  
Monarchs of Europe, were a slippery misstep,  
Would headlong plunge us like an avalanche  
In vacuum and fathomless depths of blackness.

*Hapsburg.* Never, never, never, shall I renounce my di-  
vine right and authority and title to sole imperial rule over  
all the millions in Austria. I'm Austria ! And nothing in  
the world else !

*Louis Nap.* Ay, cousin, but we must take some immedi-  
ate decided steps to maintain our popularity, otherwise Gen-  
eral Power gets a judgment that sweeps us all away in the  
enlightened future.

*Hapsburg.* My guaranty is, I reign by grace of God.

*Louis Nap.* But Enlightened Law Book has taught the  
People, that they, too, do reign individually by grace of  
God. So, my cousin Hapsburg, not much gained by that.

*Hapsburg.* O hang Enlightened Law Book.

[Enter Prince Napoleon.

*Prince Nap.* War ! War !  
Immediate war, my sovereign and Emperor !  
Anticipate plagued enlightener, General Power,  
Now conquering by natural force of rapture,  
E'er elevating Italy, he heave us down  
In Europe, substituting Heaven !

*Louis Nap.* Go to, my petulant, pugnacious cousin !  
My brain is laboring in secret, though

My lips are sealed like the oracle that but rarely  
Speaks to the world, and then prophetic,  
Flashing forth truth like the forked lightning.

*Prince Nap.* I say, now hurl your legions down from the  
Alps upon the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy.

*Louis Nap.* Spare your advice, cousin, till I do need it.  
What, I have such omnipotence and magnetic attraction as  
would put distracted chaos in shape. By my perfect, irre-  
sistible, and innate concentric force, were all Europe now in  
the fiery gulf of revolution, I'd out of it cement another illim-  
itable empire as did my boundless uncle.

*Hap.* Now, adieu !  
Our sole hope is your masterly capability.

[Exeunt at opposite sides, Francis Joseph, otherwise  
Hapsburg, and Victor Emmanuel.]

[Enter Marshal Magnan.]

*Prince Nap.* Magnan, you dirty scoundrel ! You've put  
me out in affections of the Peoples.

*Magnan.* I pray your Imperial highness to inform me  
how, for really I can't imagine.

*Prince Nap.* Your beggarly arrangements have procured  
A cool reception to my bride and me,  
Returning to the capitol; frozen up  
Hearts of the People, and in future shut  
To us the idol popularity,  
Infinite detriment all by miserly scoundrel !

*Mag.* So far from preventing by my arrangements any  
explosion of vivacity in your Highness' honor, I have been  
the means of rescuing your Imperial Highness from out-  
bursts of a very different character.

*Prince Nap.* Ha, ha, d'you say so ?

[Catches up an inkstand from the table and is about  
to throw it at Magnan's head when the Emperor

seizes his arm, then exeunt at opposite sides, young Napoleon and Marshal Magnan.]

*Louis Nap.* Ha, now I've Hapsburg and the other sovereigns of Europe tied up to my ambitious policy. Whatever I do call the startling revolution in Italy, whether revolution which I would it were, for then I'd overpower it, like a conflagration, by masterly strokes of artilleryship, or an enlightened and perpetual regeneration that I do fear it hath ever promise of being; yet hath it already created me complete Dictator of Europe, united the sovereigns like entreating subjects around me, Napoleon Third, as the omnipotent self-centred pivot whereon all motion in the earth hinges in momentous future. Ha! ha! ha! By following up capital Napoleonic ideas I have achieved the second magnificent French Empire!

The Prince Napoleon, like a saucy wasp  
Would aggravate me into reckless passion,  
Distracted force. Ha, when did I e'er unbosom  
Mine intricate web of thoughts to mortal man?  
Doubts I have none, but like the tide keep on!  
Foreign to fear as eternal raptured sphere!  
I'm that great ship all fortunes are embarked in.  
Like omnipotent self concentrated centre,  
I wrap the world, all mankind around me.  
I conquer, like a star, by inborn fortune,  
By irresistible decree of destiny,  
And imperious force of Nature in me hid,  
That outward circumstances but the more develop.

My prestige, like the popular gale,  
Depends upon auspicious good fortune,  
Rapturing men toward me, universal  
As the immeasurable arch'd heaven o'er all.

[Exit Louis Napoleon.]

[Enter old Jerome and Clothilde followed by Prince Napoleon, drunk and reeling round.]



*Old Jerome.* My son! keep off! Away and sleep off your drunken fit.

[*Old Jerome* shields *Clothilde* and pushes *Prince Napoleon*, his drunken son, away from her.]

*Prince Nap.* Father, I have right to my wife, have I not?

*1st Lady.* O it were fit the daughter of *Victor Emmanuel* should take a brute to bed.

*2d Lady.* A drunken swine, were beautiful bed-fellow, truly.

*Prince Nap.* Father, hang it! give me my young wife!

*Old Jerome.* Indeed, you cannot have the Princess till you are sober, my boy, d'ye hear that?

*Prince Nap.* Father, I swear, I can't suffer you to monopolize *Clothilde*.

*Old Jerome.* My son, to bed alone, and sleep off your drunken fit.

*Clothilde.* No Princess to entrance his arms to-night.

*Prince Nap.* Charming *Clothilde*, charming *Clothilde*, I swear I'm growing jealous of father.

[*Exeunt old Jerome*, escorting *Clothilde*, and followed by *Ladies* and *Prince Napoleon*.]

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## CHAPTER V.

A room in the Tuileries. *Louis Napoleon* and *Victor Emmanuel* in consultation with *Persigny*, *Fould*, *Walewski*, and other members of the French Cabinet, and *Cavour*, and members of the Sardinian Cabinet. Enter courier with letter.

*Louis N.* Has the Duke of Jura been arrested? Is there any word yet of the messenger returned?

*Cavour.* No, but there's a letter from Grand Marshal General Power, himself, to your imperial Majesty.

*Louis Nap.* (takes the letter.) Grand Marshal General Power! Ha! Indeed, if he is not caught and stopped, he promises to be Grand Marshal Power enough, briefly rapturing myself and confederated brothers out of Europe.

[Opens letter and reads:

'LYONS, South of France.—Your Majesty, I indite this letter out of commiseration for your unhappy situation, being as your Majesty, like a pyramid keeping the people down, is always in imminent peril of being blown up. But, to speak to the point, journeying through France on my return to Italy, I have seen I don't know how many cloaked up suspicious looking gliding spectred customers. Tapping one of a company on the shoulder, I asked him to be open and candid, for though I was no revolutionary anarchist, I was no monarchy man neither; and entreated him to be right out at once what thing it was that he had concealed under his muffled arm, and he answered it was presents from the haggard manes of Orsini for the requital of Louis Napoleon. So I advise you as my particular old friend in New York to be wary, and look sharp around you and redouble your guards at your palace gates.

Your Majesty's old friend, AJAX POWER.'

[Enter three men muffled up in masks and cloaks.

*Walewski.* Conspirators!

*De Morny.* More infernal machinations of Red Republican anarchists

*Vic. Emmanuel.* Fly! run severally for your lives.

[They all scud but Louis.

*Louis Nap.* Stop, seize them!

[Exeunt Walewski and other members of the Imperial and Sardinian Cabinets, rushing wildly forth with arms

thrown up in terror. Alarmed by the clamor, enter in haste Empress Eugenie, and Justitia, Queen of Heaven's proxy for Italy. The conspirators severally grasp bombs hitherto concealed beneath their cloaks, and throw them toward Napoleon, by them devoted to death.—Eugenie and Justitia the same moment, with screams of alarm, rush in the way, and with their robes lifted up and outspread, catch the bombs. Immediately depositing them safe and unexploded on a table, they severally drop with a piercing shriek in a fainting fit. Attendants immediately render aid and convey them to Empress' chamber. Conspirators are rudely seized by guards and hurried to prison. Re-enter Victor Emmanuel and French and Sardinian Cabinets.

*Vic. Emmanuel.* Dreadful narrow escape !  
Hang these Red Republican anarchists.

[Enter another courier.]

*Louis Nap.* Speak, the news from Italy !

*Vic. Emmanuel.* Baleful enough !  
His countenance, as plaguy hued as Egypt,  
Portends explosion and disaster dire  
As fiery centred hurricane bearing down.

*Louis Nap.* Speak !

*Courier.* Sire, the French army in Rome has been drafted by subscription into free farms.

*Louis Nap.* Fiends and furies !

*Courier.* First having declared for Italy in the immeasurable rapturous future, as they say !

*Louis Nap.* Damnation !

The people grown enlightened now have won complete impregnable foundation !

*Courier.* The telegraph reports Italy filling up with enlightened population, every man, as they say, created sovereign under Enlightened Law.

*Louis Nap.* Confusion ! Now impossible to invade them on account of endless breastwork of independent yeomen. Italy will be my Russia if I now attack her.

*Vic. Em.* O yes, alas ! Europe is no more a chessboard for our amusement.

*Louis Nap.* Evidently all our enormous haggard humbug of government is going by the board.

[Enter Bomba of Naples and attendants, having severally the air and garb of desperate brigands.]

*Bom.* I'm hanged ! I'll back to Naples and pack the dungeons with the raptured rebels.

*Vic. Em.* No, think again ! Keep under wing of the Emperor Napoleon.

*Bom.* Pretty covert for Bourbon ! Well, misery introduces us to strange bed-fellows, and a bitter mouthful from an enemy is better than none at all.

*Louis Nap.* Ho, show the King of Naples to his future apartments.

[Exeunt Bomba, and attendants preceded by usher.

*Vic. Em.* Here come more intruders on our critical deliberations.

[Enter old Jerome Bonaparte, escorting Clothilde, pursued by Prince Napoleon drunk and clamoring.

*Prince Nap.* Give me my wife, father.

[Comes between and prevents his son having her.

*Jerome.* When you get sober, my boy, and deserve her.

*Prince Nap.* I swear I'll not suffer it. Give me Clothilde.

[Enter the Princess and attendants.

*Lady Attend.* A pretty bed-fellow were a drunken swine For the King of Sardinia's jewelled daughter.

*Prince Nap.* Give me my wife ! I'll not be put off, father. For a man to go to bed without his other half, he were only a man half made up.

*Jerome* Out on you, lout! you're muddled! —

*Prince Nap.* Father, don't disgrace a rising young man by appropriating his wife. Father, listen to reason. .

*Louis Nap.* Cousin, listen to reason, and drink less wine. Take him away and lock him up in his bed-room. He'll otherwise spoil, yea, mar our serious deliberations in greatest crisis ever yet o'ertook Europe.

[Lackeys lead intoxicated Prince Napoleon off to his bed chamber. Exeunt old Jerome, arm in arm with Clothilde, followed by attendants.]

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## BOOK III.

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### CHAPTER I.

Another Public Place in Rome. Enter Young General Power, Prof. Dandolo, Students of the Universities, Merchants and Citizens.

*Young Gen. P.* Revolution, throwing out your arms, scattering your legs, disordering your person generally, and exposing yourself at every point, isn't the enlightened way to encounter tyrants.

*Prof. Dand.* No, surely it can't be; getting frantic the moment we most need serenity.

*Young Gen. P.* Sit down, gentlemen and future sovereigns of Italy. Pray sit down! Rapturous certain method to oppose Austria, is to universally root Italy by all sitting down under Enlightened Law.

*Merchant.* Gentlemen, take the enlightened counsel of our inventive American Friend, and severally sit down.

[The revolutionists all take seats, though several do so with reluctance.]

*Prof. Dand.* Now, inventive American Friend, say what you propose to do for Italians.

*Young Gen. P.* Plant across the neck of Italy immediate heroic rampart of impregnable enlightened sovereign freemen, draft Austria's mercenaries every one into your own soil and enlightened population, rooting them to Italy by heritage and by marriage with your daughters.

*Prof. Dand.* O that would be to most effectually check-mate Austria, creating every Italian free, sovereign and independent.

*Young Gen. P.* The first thing to put tyrants in despair is to universally rapture away their forces.

*All.* O, capital idea !

*1st Student.* Bravo ! rapture away their forces and leave tyrants in despair. But how under the heaven, General Power, will you do it ?

*Prof. Dand.* O, trust our inventive American Friend for that !

*Young Gen. P.* Sovereigns of Italy, you, her merchants, soon to be imperial, you, her editors, artists, tradespeople, et cetera, soon to be severally princely ! Leave not one soldier to France or Austria whom you do not draft into free homesteads. If it should cost millions more than my estimate, yet, I say, do it, and remember, you thereby undoubtedly tumble tyrants down to contempt, and lay the foundation for immediate rapturous and endless profitable future. As all the necessity for State Doctors and State Leeches is by endless crafty inventions of tyrants, Pharisaically entitled law, and a corrupt start in the beginning, so all the necessity for Powers is the Babel of distraction and misunderstanding among the universal People.

*Prof. Dand.* Inventive American Friend, we think there should be lever somewhere to elevate and unite the People.

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, an almighty lever, namely, Enlightenment! Every man and woman look to Enlightened Law and government, to master which, is hardly fifteen minutes effort, and you ravish heaven; every one sovereign in his proper sphere, severally enlightened and united and opulent; and, like the planet of one omnipotent onward mind, for all the future.

*1st. Stu.* Truly, it is to be hoped for the sake of art, that there will be no war in Italy.

*Young Gen. P.* Princes and Sovereigns, to anticipate every cause of war, whether for Italy or the rest of the world, is to rapture, perfect them universally; and no way to do it effectively or permanently, but by enlightening, uniting, rooting down, raising up, and so creating all the people individually free sovereigns and independent by Enlightened Law, in universal harmonious Republic.

*1st Stu.* Enlightening according to Nature's God! O 'tis the great idea; the sole true faith, doctrine and practice!

*Young Gen. P.* Ay, my sovereign friends, and how long d'ye think it takes to initiate a man in enlightened law and government?

*1st Stu.* We have no idea!

*Young Gen. P.* Really, but about fifteen or twenty winged minutes.

*All.* No more?

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, my sovereign friends, really no longer than it will take you to read over this printed paper!

[Young General Power gives them Enlightened Platform or Programme, an abridgment of Enlightened Law, to universally rapture and re-generate

Italy. They severally seize the paper and read it with avidity.]

The question is not how to resist Austria, but how the best to dispose of her forces without war. Draft them into your soil; quarter her troops and marry them to your daughters; so, almost without effort, except embracing God of Nature's Enlightened Law and government, shall you throw Hapsburg down and ravish Italy's independence for all the future.

*All.* Bravo! 'Tis capital idea!

*Young Gen. P.* It is the universal redeemer for all Italy—Enlightenment. For merchants, editors, artists, all the rich as well as the poorer people. Gentlemen and sovereigns, enlightened citizens of Italy, it is no man's interest that another be poor, but quite the contrary. Therefore, whatever makes one poor person, is the universal enemy to be encountered. Such are all endless rent and tax-maintained Tyrants of Europe, British Empire and America. This is an enlightened plan whereby to end Tyrants universally without war.

*1st Stu.* Ay, General Power!

*Prof. Dand.* Rapturing the foundation of People's and heaving the Tyrants down inevitably.

*All.* O, capital!

*Merchant.* I wonder we never thought of it before.

*2nd Stu.* But how will you do it, General, our capital inventive American Friend?

*Young Gen. P.* By enlightened law that roots, creates, and completes everybody almost in spite of himself.

*All.* O let us hear particulars!

*Young Gen. P.* If Italy, in lieu of rising up in revolutionary anarchy, universally sits down under enlightened law and government, Tyrants Hapsburg, Louis, Naples, and all the rest, are universally hove out to contempt.



If the Austrian troops are being prepared for war, the more reason to draw them off by your enlightened proclamation of a perpetual free farm or homestead to every one of Austria's soldiers.

Receive, O Italy, the Enlightened Law Book! And do everything that Enlightened Law and government enjoins, so shall all Italians become individually free, sovereign, independent, happy and opulent.

Anticipate the conscription that tears away Italy's sons to involuntarily rivet her chains, by accomplishing Enlightened Law, drafting Austria's mercenaries to free farms and heaving down the infamous Tyrant necessarily.

Universal Enlightened, perpetually united Sovereign citizens of Italy, with no lots, but enough for trade and for abode, you elevate impregnable wall of heroic freemen against Austria's powerless assaults. So magnetize Austria. France, all Europe to follow your enlightened example, thawing hereditary, man-slaughtering despots out of Europe, forever rapturing everybody, ravishing God's Enlightened Heaven, and People's Diamond Republic.

In vain, outrageous Tyrants Louis and Hapsburg will launch trampling avalanches of disfranchised subjects upon you.

*1st Stu.* If they do, we shall draft them into free farms, endow and marry them to our daughters, rapture the shrieking tyrants' forces away, and invigorate our languishing Italy with the young and impulsive blood of France and Germany.

*Young Gen. P.* Yes, you must do it, and lay the foundation for an immediate immeasurable raptured future of Europe, ay, of all the enlightened earth. So will Italy thaw the frigid Tyrants even out of France and Austria, by genial force of her enlightened example. Europe's State Doctors! Let us see who they are!

*1st Stu.* Ay, young General Power!

*Young Gen. P.* First, of course, Louis the sly and bold.

*Prof. Dand.* Second, Hapsburgs and Coburgs.

*1st Stu.* Third, Naples and the Pope.

*Prof. Dand.* Yet, though you do swell the estimate by the addition of every other deadly scourge and oppressor of Europe, I opine, the Alpha and Omega, and, indeed, the continent of all the tyrants, is Louis Napoleon with whom his Holiness is hail fellow well met.

*Young Gen. P.* Why should Frenchmen set their heart so especially upon one Grand Emperor, when there may be, under Enlightened Law and Government, ten hundred Grand Emperors, or, what is equivalent to it, French merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, authors, editors, inventors, with imperial and kingly revenues.

Yet, Enlightened Law and Government does the best for Louis, too; does the best for the political chessmen all over the world; does the best for all without oppressing any. Enlightened Law is the solution of all questions for Europe, all the world. Universally, O sovereigns of Italy, refuse compulsory taxes and levies. The tyrants by this means live upon the life blood of the People. What tyrants and kindred Pharisees entitle their laws, is principally crafty invention to divide and plunder the sovereign People.

*Prof. Dand.* If Enlightened Law and Government can alone regenerate Italy, the sooner we begin the better. Now is the enlightened time, the immediate moment. Enlightened Law is a fortune for everybody, rapturing all the People up in spite of *themselves*. No elevated and profitable view for Europe, all the world, but what is contained in the Enlightened Law Book, ravishing heaven, and endless, raptured complete condition of all sovereign mankind.

[Enter Pope Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli and other

Cardinals, about to embark for France, and put themselves under shrewd, self-interested guardianship of paternal Napoleon Third. Espying young General Power and raptured universal Princes and Sovereigns of Italy, the Pope and cardinals start back a short distance, raise their clenched hands, and with exaggerated, turgid, enraged demeanor of turkey-cocks, they straightway put the enlightened assemblage under ecclesiastical ban and anathema.]

*Antonelli.* Hell gnaw thee, flagrant thing,  
Hast rooted out the Pious States of the Church.

*Queen of Heaven.* Ignorant church is not God's idea, but Rapturous University, or enlightened catholic church according to God's standard Heaven. Pious is not God's idea, but perfectly enlightened. God is not a bigoted tyrant wrapt remote, but omnipresent, perfectly enlightened Author of Nature.

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen,  
If I have raptured away your troops  
By Enlightened Law, I did owe it to Italy,  
To achieve for her the highest possible glory.  
Gentlemen, no wrong to you, but countless profit  
In e'erlasting, new celestial, sunshine state.

*Antonelli.* Burning eternity! bottomless, fiery horror!  
O'er take thee, dragon! ugly tailed thing!

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to still abide in Rome, as everybody else, and to live under Enlightened Law and government, throwing out outrageous tyranny, rapturing Italy entirely, whereto what reasonable man would oppose objection?

*Queen of Heaven.* If they are going into exile, it is because the air of Italy is too free and sovereign gracious for those hitherto dispensers of freedom and grace after their own peculiar bigotted, sectarian and restricted fashion.

*1st Prince of I.* Played out is the inveterate trade of pious fraud.

*2d Prince of I.* Good to see you, Pope and Company, out of shame, take up your crosses and your curses ; and at last pack out of God's enlightened raptured estate of Italy.

[Exeunt Pope and Cardinals, scowling and hurling back excommunications at the enemy.]

*1st Prince of I.* Bravo, departs forever Italy's nightmare, Harlot of Pomp, the scarlet woman !

*2nd Prince of I.* Bravo, old Rome, at length  
Rid of the plague of ages, Popery,  
The corner stone of tyrants and their inventions,  
For slaughtering mankind's unity. [Exeunt.

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## CHAPTER II.

[Enter young General Power.]

*Young Gen. P.* Well, gentlemen, future Sovereigns of Italy, have you got any new ideas out of the Enlightened Law Book ?

*1st Stu.* Why this little book ravishes heaven for Italy in spite of herself. O blessed Law Book !

*Young Gen. P.* No hideous intricate state labyrinth, that at least !

*1st Stu.* O, Enlightened Law Book, that rapidly changes every of the hitherto haggard subjects of the Great Powers, to celestial round complete independent citizens of fortune more or less.

[Students severally embrace and kiss the Enlightened Law Book.]

Now we do see the inventive American Friend is no revolutionary enthusiast or visionary, but enlightened and practical genius, according to enlightened God of Nature's high ideal, the raptured spheres, the harmonious onward orbs

*Young Gen. P.* Rooting, enlightening and elevating, not 'only regenerate Italy, but erects an impassable breast-work against Austria.

*1st Stu.* Ay, we see Revolutions produce enthusiasts, but seldom practiced warriors or a solid military organization.

*Prof. Dand.* Yes, revolution without enlightenment, bestowing natural strength, were desperate resource.

[Enter raptured sovereign English, Scotch, and Irish citizens of Italy.]

*Sovereign Englishman.* England as well as America, I mean her sovereign People, follow with sympathy the enlightened movement of Italy.

*Young General P.* Now henceforth as many Kings in Italy as there are enlightened men, as many Queens as there are enlightened women.

No court but God's court, otherwise the People's Enlightened Court, inaugurating perfect justice at the start; criminals dried up in rapturous universities, or perfect temples, at once the enlightened schools, colleges, and churches of the whole people, and by sovereign rights accorded by Enlightened Law.

No sheriff, but guardian first officer to root and protect population from all levies whatever.

No rulers but Honorary Presidents, Civil Ministers and Mayors.

Enlightened Law raptures and unites Italy, and all the world, like the sphere in omnipotent unity, and continually onward progression.

Rejoice, Italy ! Rejoice, France and Algeria ! Rejoice,

Germany, Russ'a, Turkey ! Rejoice, British Empire ! Rejoice, America ! Rejoice, India, China ! All the now round united world of mankind ! Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Rejoice !

[Enter profitable lawyers of united citizens in great measure, late the retailers of state inventions.]

*1st Lawyer.* We are used up evidently. The People ravished away by the Enlightened Law book.

*2d Lawyer.* Well, to make a virtue of hardship is certain way to conquer it, and the sooner we turn to other business the better for all concerned.

*1st Student.* Here are our hitherto State Doctors and State Leeches come round us.

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, the sovereigns of Italy having thrown off your inventions that were at war with their unity, it becomes necessary you should betake yourselves to other business.

*1st Stu.* There is only room for enlightened lawyers in millennium.

*Young Gen. P.* Yet business being broadened like the ocean, whence all may draw without reducing the supply, you can be rapturously, useful in another sphere than barren State invention.

*1st Lawyer.* Success to the Enlightened Law book. I'll be one of the profitable lawyers of united citizens.

*2d Lawyer.* I another.

*3d Lawyer.* And I.

*4th Lawyer.* And I, too. Farewell, state inventions ! Welcome, Enlightened Law.

*Young Gen. P.* Successively ascend the throne, and every one crown himself King of Italy, and protector of the European Confederation of Enlightened States, ravished to unity under Enlightened Law and government.

Under Enlightened Government hence inaugurated, every

man has a territory of his own, wherein he is entirely sovereign as the raptured sphere.

Sovereigns, Italians, you are every one Princes yourselves under enlightened government.

No end to peace under enlightened rule.

It is the jealous powers that by their wrangles

Kindle up war and haggard strife.

Constitutional monarchy for Italy! Why, gentlemen, all the population together become individual constitutional monarchs under Enlightened Law and government. With your leave, I shall now present to you the Queen of Heaven.

*Citizens.* Queen of Heaven!

*Young Gen. P.* Ay, Justitia!

*1st Stu.* Justitia, O, that's a diamond creature  
To briefly consummate unity and contentment.

[Enter Justitia, representing the Queen of Heaven for Italy; in her train are old Gen. Power of America, Young Gen. Power of France, Germany, &c., and ladies and gentlemen.]

*Young Gen. P.* Behold, Justitia, representative of Heaven.

*1st Stu.* What enlightened giants already surround Justitia, Queen of Heaven! Young General Power of Italy, young General Power of France, the same of Germany, all of one enlightened mind as God, Nature's embodied Light and vital Author.

*Young Gen. P.* Justitia's throne is the mighty heart of enlightened multitudes of Europe, ravished into united brotherhood, and infinitely profitable millennium.

*1st Stu.* And General Power, the Inventive American Friend, or Enlightened Grand Marshal of Europe to the raptured future, as the Italians now name him.

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, Kings of Italy in enlightened future,

The Queen of Heaven is come to invest you!

[The Queen of Heaven, ascends the resplendent enlightened Platform, and, as the several raptur'd Sovereigns of Italy defile before her, individually invests them with the crown and robes of sovereignty.]

Hail, Enlightened Italians! Sovereigns in the Future!

People, no more offer crowns to tyrants, but now severally proceed to crown yourselves.

*Citizens.* Ay, we will, with enlightened help of the ineffable lady, here, the Queen of Heaven.

*Queen Jus.* The elder Napoleon in crowning himself, affected to desire to create the Italians free and independent.

*1st Stu.* Your perfect Majesty, impossible  
A tyrant with inventions infinite  
Plagued and haggard ever could.

*Queen Jus.* Only enlightenment of the whole People! and Enlightened Law and Government, exalted by acclamation, can create free and independent, every man of the million an enlightened sovereign, and all living in perfect unity like heaven.

Now you are Kings without oppression;  
Made glorious soldiers without blood or slaughter,  
In flattering way of corrupt tyrants.

[Enter French troops, who in succession are crowned and invested by the Queen of Heaven.]

*Queen Jus.* Hail, enlightened sons of France, now crowned Princes of Italy in the independent  
And entirely perfect sovereign future.

[Enlightened deputation of merchants and citizens  
then bestow them title deeds to free farms, free garden and orchard lots, and free habitation in the cities to those who having been brought up to a trade, prefer the latter.



*Citizens.* Now have we laid like enlightened heaven,  
A broad foundation for content and happiness.

*Old Gen. P.* And, as your reward,  
May expect immediate affluent future  
And entirely universal sovereign glory.

[Enter the Students of the Universities and others.

*Students.* Hurrah ! Hurrah !

*1st Student.* All Europe will assuredly be caught up in  
raptures, and the tyrant usurpers hove out.

*2d Stu.* Now, old General Power, Inventive American,  
what further enlightened command have you ?

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, I want the immediate raising  
of an army of all the ladies of Italy, not yet ravished with  
husbands and enlightened spouses.

*1st Citizen.* Goodness gracious ! 'Twould encumber us ;  
add to our burdens.

*1st Stu.* Now for what possible purpose do you intend  
army of feminines ?

*Old Gen. P.* To complete in Italy the Enlightened Con-  
quests according to entirely sovereign Nature.

*1st Stu.* O, that's yet another  
Rapturous idea ravishing Italy,  
To the magnetic perfect sky.

*Citizens.* We'll do it !

*Merchant.* We merchants, tradesmen, all in the communi-  
ty, for our own sake, will do it, and thereto find immediate  
means.

*Old Gen. P.* Do, and immediately heave down the tyrants  
By rapturing away their armed forces  
Into free farms with embraces of the daughters  
Of enlightened happy Italy.

*All.* Capital ! capital ! capital !

*Old Gen. P.* And, sovereign gentlemen, be assured that  
what you do expend upon Enlightened Conquests according

to entirely correct and profitable Nature, will be returned hundred-fold to you in boundless increase of business all within a brief year.

*All.* 'Tis brave idea, and we'll act upon it.

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, straightway hunt up all the spinsters, widows, yea, and all the castaways, indeed every lady of Italy now out of a situation; without husband, or enlightened hope; maugre children, otherwise pregnant prospects and glorious rich future according to sovereign Nature's views, encircled with impervious horizon of black despair, withered in their tender beauty, blighted in their spring-time. Go hunt them up, and form them into immediate enlightened army of woman-kind to rapture unnatural crucifying tyrant to his end, everlastingly empowering Italy, by planting his disgraced troops down in a lasting, raptured foundation.

*1st Stu.* Good, for the sake of darling Italy,  
We'll immediately ravish the celestial view,  
Promising glorious enlightened victory  
That e'er yet chanced beneath the pregnant sky. [Exeunt.

*Old Gen. P.* Immediately draw off flattering state-rider Bonaparte's and Hapsburg's force into free lots upon durable foundations, filling up all gulfs of weakness, strife, and division, that invite invasion from abroad, rapturing Italy like the orb up in immeasurable magnetic arms of the electric Mover of the Universe.

*Merchant.* Good! immediately we do subscribe the amount among us, and begin the enlightened experiment upon the French and Austrian troops of the Tyrants Bonaparte and Hapsburg, self-interested guardians of our Roman States.

*1st Stu.* To take charge of the imbecile Holy Knave

*2d Stu.* Or Holy Father, as he entitles himself in hypocritically devout spirit.

*1st Stu.* God's pretended Vicegerent, who governs by hireling bayonets!

## CHAPTER III.

A public place in Naples. Enter Young Gen. P. and citizens.

*Young Gen. P.* No freedom in the world except under enlightened law and government, universally elevating the People to unobstructed sphere of prosperity and rapturous security where they can by no chance lapse back in the wearisome, deadly power of hereditary tyrants and their pyramids of plagued inventions.

*Merchant.* Nothing can be accomplished in the Roman States so long as Austria rules there, and the first condition of any reform in Central Italy is to put out Austria.

*Young Gen. P.* Italy delivers herself without co-operation when she accepts Enlightened Law, which agglomerates her whole population in unity with individual sovereignty and no more iron bondage of tyrants possible. To ravish heaven and perfect state, turn your backs universally on tyrants, and, in lieu of their deadly pyramids of state inventions, accept the Enlightened Law, God's own Law for the People, that will both build up Italy and mould it all together like heaven, in one omnipotent body of varied and rapturous harmony.

*1st Stu.* O, inestimable Enlightened Law, that ravishes heaven for Italy in spite of itself.

*Young Gen. P.* There never were such startling manifestoes since the world began as General Power, our Inventive American Friend, has addressed to the several nations, opening up views of the future ravishing and perfect, happy as heaven herself had flashed celestial visions over Europe.

*1st Stu.* Good! Isn't virtuous prosperity and deserved riches with security to enjoy them, in a word heaven; what all do seek after!

*Young Gen. P.* How will Italians come to their sovereign

rights and regenerate their country at the same time ? By embracing Enlightened Law and Government, that remove frigid masses of tyranny out of their midst ; root, rapture, and enlighten population ; invigorate by a baptism of Nature and God, as it were ; and ravish peace, unity, and omnipotence by according the greatest foundation to the greatest number.

*1st Stu.* It is no more Christendom, but God's Perfect Kingdom ; Nature's complete empire ; People's universal, enlightened, incorruptible diamond Republic

*2d Stu.* The political chessmen of the Tuileries and their compeers of the Palaver-shop, struck with consternation at the appearance of so rapturous original players on the chessboard as old General Power, and Queen Justitia, are well nigh crazy, and don't know of any shift in the world to help themselves.

*3d Stu.* What a glorious idea that was to meet and defeat horrid Tyrants, not by universal uprising, in other words revolution, but by universal sitting down, erecting impregnable heroic rampart of freemen, tumbling despots into horror of vacancy where hitherto they kept the people.

*1st Stu.* Now as many Kings in Italy as enlightened men, and as many Queens as enlightened women.

*2d Stu.* No domination remains in Italy but that of Enlightened Law and Government for the general well being.

*3d Stu.* General Power has done more in one single rapturous winged day for the national elevation of Italians with his Enlightened Law book, than all the bigoted and opaque ages that have rolled over her since Romulus.

*1st Stu.* The affected generosity of the elder Napoleon toward Italy, is shown in its true hypocritical light, and himself as a selfish, unscrupulous invader.

[Enter more citizens.

What's the news?

*1st Cit.* The navy of France has been ordered to immediately bombard the seaports of Italy.

*1st Stu.* Ha, but wait! You'll yet see the frigid Tyrant Louis' avalanches melt away in sunlight enlightened Italy, his disfranchised host of soldiers and sailors allowed away to suitable free lots and homesteads, so establishing the foundation for an almighty glorious future for Italy.

*2d Stu.* Ay, I doubt not! At least, I've great confidence in the Inventive American Friend, and his campaign for Enlightened Conquest.

*3d Stu.* And Louis, like his uncle, may be yet  
As a dejected rock, thawed out of iceberg,  
Or haggard outcast miserable enough.

*1st Stu.* It is as our Inventive American Friend says, if we would not lend ourselves to tyrants, we must come under Enlightened Law and Government.

*2d Stu.* I guess no way to get rid of them otherwise.

*1st Stu.* You see the revolutionists and red republicans are as great tyrants as any.

*3d Stu.* I guess, as that original genius, our friend from America did say, the way to throw down tyrants universally, is not to fly at them, but everywhere root and rapture Peoples and their tyrant mercenaries at the same time.

*1st Stu.* Italy wants no revolution,  
But immediate rapturous regeneration,  
By omnipotent agent of Enlightenment.

*Young Gen P.* Enlightenment is the sovereign thing to rapture population universally.

Gentlemen, Enlightenment does not contemplate war or revolution. Assimilate the Austrian army by declaring a lot and a homestead to every invader.

If after being instructed in the Enlightened Law and Gov-

ernment, which is only the work of a few winged minutes, any politician or public man comes to you proposing anything different, give no heed to him, for, if you do, you abnegate your own perfect sovereignty by natural right.

*1st Citizen.* No, now enlightened, we do go on like the planet in ever rapturous, endless progression for all the future.

*2d Citizen.* Italian unity  
Cannot be formed without enlightenment,  
More omnipotent agent than all collegued armies  
Of Europe's blood-stained tyrants.

*3d Citizen.* This isn't revolutionary tyranny,  
But rapturous counterpart, perfection,  
Ravished by Enlightened Law and Government,  
Inaugurating millennium, or heaven's own glorious kingdom.

## CHAPTER IV.

A Public Place in Florence. Enter Old General Power and citizens of Florence. General Power makes an address.

*Old Gen. Power.* All Florence, as all Italy and Europe, all the earth, soon enlightened and magnetically elevated, now sit serenely down, pay rent to the value and fair profit, and no more; the sovereign People thereby becoming their own landlords. Send forth an army of the Sovereign Ladies of Italy with title deeds of free farms and garden lots and homesteads to all the soldiers of inhuman Butcher Hapsburg, as also to all the soldiers of inhuman Butcher Bonaparte, whose flattering lips conceal a slaughtering heart. The reigning families of the world are all the population universally sovereign under Enlightened Law, rooting, rap-

turing and uniting them entirely without treaty, without wetting paper with ink. Have no courts but one, God's court, or, same thing, People's Enlightened Court of Equity at the start. Any more courts will distract you, harass you, get away your sovereign privileges, as severally the free, independent citizens of God's raptured enlightened Heaven. People, never to lose sight of your hereditary rights, vote no more than one court for every county, namely, God's court, or, the same thing, the People Enlightened Court to inaugurate perfection at the start. As the world is God's glorious palace of Nature, so God's churches are Rapturous Universities or Enlightened Temples of the whole People, for the most enlightened education of the popular mind, ravishing harmonious and omnipotent unity like heaven, yet with an endless, happy, and appropriate opulent natural variety. The easy solution of all questions of Italy is Enlightened Law, for never until she is raptured by it will Italy or any other country enjoy universal peace and prosperity without armed forces and without police. No more law from Goths and Huns; no more crucifying state inventions honored with ineffable name of law, that is alone the offspring of Enlightenment according to God's highest standard, Heaven. Modern refined barbarians, look upon your Teutonic and Roman ancestors, crushed under the ruins of their own monstrous pyramids of State, as witness two successive Roman Empires, one material, another spiritual, both an infamous lesson to all future enlightened times, though admirable pattern for Bonapartes and other interested state-riders of the prostrate and crucified Christian nations. Honorable gentlemen! sovereign citizens of Florence! be assured that veritable law is the will of God of Nature, the expression of perfection. If the world hitherto is not heaven, it is all by reason of crucifying state inventions, and want of universal enlightenment

of the sovereign People, forming them to harmonious rapturous unity. Enlightenment, ravishing Enlightened Law and Government, that is the perfect mundane presentation of God's infinite Mind, also inaugurates a rapturous system of Enlightened Conquests according to Nature, amalgamating the nations in unity, in immeasurable Celestial Republic.— Never since the world began was known so original and complete a method of meeting and defeating a hot and plagued invader as Enlightened Law, universally rooting population, and erecting everywhere throughout Italy, Europe, all the earth, an innumerable breastwork of freemen, impregnable to tyrants, indeed ending them altogether and forever.

*1st Citizen.* General Power, we now perceive  
'Tis heaven's own enlightened mode of conquest  
To rapture enemy's army, and heave down  
The tyrants in contempt and imbecile ruin.

*Old Gen. P.* Whence never let them more arise, O People !  
Sovereign perfect by Enlightened Law,  
All rapt together like magnetic sky,  
Or heaven, the everlasting arch of safety.  
By Enlightened Conquests after Nature's God,  
Uniting, rapturing mankind complete,  
All battles hitherto are exhibited  
As needless slaughter ; yea, the several Powers  
Revealed to the world as abhorr'd murderers,  
Monster inventors and unnatural butchers.



## CHAPTER V.

A Public place in Milan. Enter Young Gen. Power, and Enlightened Citizens; and, at the same time, Old Gen. Power, and Imperial Merchants.

*Old Gen. Power.* Where is a conqueror like Enlightenment, that can ravish Italy and all the world into a single kingdom? Sovereign citizens of Milan, in common with all Italy, and all soon to be magnetically elevated Europe, look in future to Enlightened Law and Government, and universally turn your backs on State Doctors, old Pharisaic Rome's deadly brood, on the Pope, Louis the sly and bold, Hapsburg's, Coburg's, and universal Tyrants, whose inventions crucify God and the People. Enlightened Law and Government is to refuse compulsory taxes and levies by sheriffs, the right hand of tyrants, and sit serenely down and pay rent to the value with a fair profit, and so all the people become their own landlords; in lieu of taxes, voluntary contributions for civil and free police; vote First Officer to every county to protect the People; Court of Equity at the start to distribute God's real estate without crowding; a few Enlightened Lawyers, according to universal Enlightened Law and Government; to turn bigot churches into Rapturous Universities severally with relays of teachers put under one minister as principal.

*1st. Enlightened Citizen.* O capital, capital!  
I'll be one of the Enlightened Lawyers!

*2d Enlig. Citizen.* I offer myself for First Officer of the County of Milan to protect the sovereign citizens.

*3d Enlig. Citizen.* I'll be one of the ministers of the Rapturous Universities in glorious Milan.

*4th Enlig. Citizen.* All Milan and the surrounding country, by Enlightenment will be broadened and raptured up into an immeasurable celestial metropolis.

*Old Gen. Power.* Read the Enlightened Law Book.

*1st Enlig. Citizen.* Ay, don't doubt but we shall. O glorious book, ravishing man's sacred, individual, sovereign, and universally profitable rights, privileges and prerogatives by virtue of enlightened law.

*Old Gen. Power.* And don't forget, too, the Enlightened mode of Conquests, at once heaving down Tyrants and rapturing up Peoples both. Complete enlightenment is the best possible solution for Italy as for every other country. Enlightenment ravishing unity and perfect confederation, or united brotherhood, without an effort, even without wetting paper with ink. Enlightenment thus proves itself to be God's redeemer, because it operates not by state inventions, haggard devices, and make-shifts, to patch up treaties; but, embodying itself in the People's thoughts and actions, holds them together by magnetic attraction like the giant quarters of the earth.

*2d Enlig. Citizen.* What is first to be done !

*Young Gen. Power.* Sit down, and wait on God's redeemer !

*3d Enlig. Citizen.* What ?

*Old Gen. P.* Complete Enlightenment, like Heaven, God's true and only son.

[Exit Old Gen. Power.]

*Young Gen. P.* Dogged and bigoted opposition is the basis of Austrian policy. So, be enlightened opposition the basis of ours.

*1st Enlightened Citizen.* Ay, in the original manner, hit

upon by the Old General Power, our inventive American Friend.

*1st Merchant Imperial.* Good !

*2d Merchant Imperial.* Let us away ! Draft Austria's army to homesteads. Marry the Austrian soldiers to our women, and so forth.

> [Re-enter Old General Power.

*Old Gen. P.* Proclamation to be read to Austria's army. As they file along, give the soldiers severally the Enlightened proclamation. Come, gentlemen !

[Exeunt Old Gen. Power and imperial merchants.

*Young Gen. P.* You see, no more representatives or ambassadors needed. With Enlightenment all the nations come perfectly to understand one another.

*2d Enlightened Citizen.* O infinitely we do now !

*3d Enlightened Citizen.* Now we understand Englishmen and Americans.

*Young Gen. P.* And they, you, enlightened Sovereign Italians ! Under the universal Enlightened Law and Government, mankind understand one another without any exorbitant political representatives and suspicious busy bodies like ambassadors between them whatever. Enlightenment represents all mankind of one complete mind, at least in respect of law and government for the whole, that is millions of times before every other.

[Exeunt Young Gen. Power and Enlightened Citizens.

## CHAPTER VI.

A Public Place in Venice. The Old General Power addressing the assembled citizens.

*Old Gen. P.* Bonaparte, to stave off Enlightened Government, toys with and fondles the Pope, not from belief, but, as his Machiavellian uncle, to manufacture religious capital. What every son of Venice wants is to be sovereign, in fact, a grand Emperor in his own proper sphere, yet ravished by Enlightened Law into perfect unity with every body else of all enlightened sovereign mankind.

Enlightened sons of Venice! enter upon the immeasurable, celestial, Raptured Republic, or Diamond United States; the perpetual, glorious and perfect league of enlightened amalgamated sovereign Peoples.

*Citizen.* Bravo! every sailor of the enlightened world is become a missionary and a magnetic soldier of Gen. Power.

*Old Gen. P.* The Kings of Italy, of Germany, and of La Belle France, are all their united, enlightened sons; the sovereign Princes and Dukes of Europe are the whole enlightened, regenerated, sympathetically amalgamated population.

Choose out your lots, gentlemen, in future enlightened immeasurable raptured suburbs of Venice.

The enlightened Court of the county, under Enlightened Law, will find there is none of God's ship for monopoly, but lots enough for an infinite affluent population, profitably occupied in a boundless trade and business.

Gentlemen, to conclude, Enlightened Law melts away the bigot feet from frigid tyrants, and ravishes disfranchised soldiers of their armies to suitable lots in God's world.

*Enlig. Prof.* Who objects?

*Enlig. Stu.* The Pope, pious head of bigots, the innumerable victims of original barbarian ignorance.

*Enlig. Prof.* Louis, too, who toys with the Pope, to make capital with yet bigoted, ignorant, deluded Peoples.

*Enlig. Stu.* Political gamesters of capitols, universally of course!

*Enlig. Prof.* Hapsburgs and Coburgs of course!

*Old Gen. Power.* Enlightenment knows no King, nor no Queen higher than another. All Kings and Queens, and universally enlightened raptured sovereign brothers and sisters.

*Enlig. Prof.* So much immediate good done by Enlightened Law Book.

*Enlig. Stu.* Who finds fault? None here at all events.

*Old Gen. Power.* Hail, glorious confederacy of Italians, Risen like natural produce of the earth.

Here is the confederation to regenerate and raise up, yea, complete Italy! Now, gentlemen, you see, by sitting serenely down, as you have been taught by my pupil, the Young General Power of Italy, that nothing's left for capital Foxes of Diplomacy in the future. Enlightenment and Enlightened Law and Government ravishes a perpetual glorious league of Italy, all the world, even in spite of itself.

*Enlig. Prof.* Enlightenment! 'Tis God's unmistakable redeemer, truly!

*Enlig. Merchant Imperial.* Now open the Churches, as Rapturous Universities, Enlightened Temples, perfect Universal Catholic United Churches of Nature's Enlightened and All Embodied God.

*All.* Good, and away now and do it!

[Exeunt Old Gen. Power, Enlightened Professors, Enlightened Students, and Enlightened Imperial Merchants.

## BOOK IV.

## CHAPTER I.

Lombardy. The snow-clad Alps in the distance. Near at hand a deep gorge, through which flows the River Po. The steep banks bristle with forts. Austrian troops defile through the pass and debouch on a plain.

Enter an advance detachment of the Enlightened Army of Enlightened Raptured Sovereign Citizens and Soldiers of Italy.

*1st. Sov. Cit.* Plant down the thrones !

[Thrones erected. Enter Marshal Hyæna, Austrian Officers, and part of Austrian Army.

*Marsh. Hyæna.* Knaves, why this villainous heap of steps and seats at top ?

*2d Sov. Cit.* Thrones for our sovereign cousins  
Of Austria, every one this enlightened day  
Come by his natural right of royalty,  
That is free rapturous life and liberty,  
With lot in God's enlightened estate.

*1st Sov. Cit.* To regenerate their country the sovereigns of Italy, taking the advice of the Enlightened Law Book, have determined to turn up her soil, graft the old stock with a new scion, or, to drop comparisons, to draft the Austrian army into free farms, and free gardens, and orchards like Paradise.

*Hyæna.* Hell and furies! Seize them, Austrians!

*Sovereign Citizens.* Hail our brothers! Kings of Italy!

[Saluting Austrian Soldiers.

*Hyæna.* Fire upon them!

*2d Sov. Cit.* Spare us, sovereign brothers!

*Hyæna.* Fire, vassals, why don't you?

What, my orders disputed? Fire, I say.

*Austrian Soldiers.* No, sir, we'll not!

*Hyæna.* Clap them in chains! and away with them to the dungeons.

[Mercenaries chain them together on the ground.

Enter scouts of *Hyæna*, dragging in by the hair of the head, two women prisoners, screaming.]

These are two of the sovereign ladies for the Enlightened Conquests, eh?

*Austrian Officer.* Ay, we caught them at the outposts of the encampment of this grand army of women.

*Hyæna.* The sovereign Ladies of Italy, eh? By heaven, I'll whip that ridiculous humor and nonsense out of them. A cat-o-nine-tails, ho!

[The cat-o-nine-tails is brought.

Lay on them!

*Austrian Soldiers.* No, sir, not on women.

*Hyæna.* I command you, lay on!

*Austrian Soldiers.* No, sir.

*Hyæna.* Caitiffs! Varlets!

[Seizes the cat and applies it vigorously himself. Ye'd set up as the sovereign Queens of Italy for Enlightened Conquests, eh, Amazons? I'll cure ye of that shallow whim, ye jades!

[Women scream and run round; *Hyæna* pursues them, flogging them meanwhile with the cat. Indignant Sovereign Citizens, who have been made prisoners, starting up and clanking their chains, struggle to o'ertake the woman whipper.]

*1st Sov. Cit.* Restrain the brutal wretch !

*2d Sov. Cit.* Cowardly dog ! to whip the sex  
Whose delicacy, weakness, is their passport  
To masculine protection.

[The women continue to fly wildly around, pursued by  
the woman-whipper, who in his turn is menaced at  
heels by the excited prisoners clanking their chains.]

*1st Sov. Cit.* Forbear, tyrant !

[The other prisoners clamber to their feet and shake  
their chains at Marshal Hyæna.]

*2d Sov. Cit.* Withhold thy whip from women, thou un-  
manly coward !

*Hyæna.* Ladies of Italy, eh ! learn better manners.

*1st Sov. Cit.* Tyrant, without a spark of manhood to whip  
a woman !

[Women continue to fly round screaming, pursued  
by Hyæna, applying the cat vigorously to their  
bodies. Prisoners run round after the woman-  
whipper and menace him with their chains.]

[Enter Austrians, leading in Vortici and Machiavello,  
condemned revolutionists, severally degraded, with  
halters round their necks. Stopping his whipping  
operations of a sudden, Hyæna commands them to  
be swung up to the arm of a tree, which is done  
accordingly.]

*1st Sov. Cit.* Lo, Vortici and Machiavello have fallen into  
merciless hands of the Austrians.

*2d Sov. Cit.* The revolution is stopped.

[Tolling of bell heard.]

*3d Sov. Cit.* Hark ! the bell tolls ! The signal for the  
execution of Vortici and Machiavello.

*2d Sov. Cit.* Run in hopes to save them, with these little  
deeds of free farms to the mercenaries of Hapsburg.

[To neutrals standing by]



[The same moment a ball hits Marshal Hyæna, and sends him heels over head off the stage. Enter Young Gen. Power, Queen Justitia, and Sovereign Italian Citizens.]

*1st Sov. Cit.* Hurrah ! The tyrant's dead, who gave order for their execution !

*Young Gen. Power.* Haste, cut them down, and merit the sovereign reward that awaits you.

[Addressing Austrian Soldiers, who at once fulfill the order and lower down Vortici and Machiavelli.]

*Queen Justitia.* I assure you, soldiers, all, a Grand Army of the Sovereign Queens of Italy is on the way to endow you severally with raptured habitations, free lots, free farms; helpmates, if you will, and Scotch factors, too, to cultivate your several estates and give you up the proceeds; so, you'll have nothing in the world to do but live like perfect gentlemen the remainder of your lives, only required to rush forth to the protection of your adopted Italy, if ever threatened by inhuman combination of the tyrants, to that self-devoted and patriotic end, keeping the arms you do now wear.

*Sov. Cit.* And, Austrians behooves, you know,  
The end is come of inhuman tyrants. Hurrah !

*Austrian Soldiers.* How ?

*Young Gen. Power.* Thro' Enlightened Law and Government.

*1st Austrian Soldier.* O let us see more into it, Young General Power !

*Young Gen. Power.* The sovereigns of Italy united in perpetual glorious confederation declare a homestead for every disfranchised hero impressed in army of the buzzard Hapsburg.

*1st Sov. Cit.* No more armed by the fratricidal tyrant,  
Embrace Heaven's elevated and raptured standard  
That insures you severally sovereign independence.

*2d Sov. Cit.* Come into the perpetual glorious league of sovereign Peoples !

*2d Austrian Sol.* Are you jesting !

*1st Sov. Cit.* No, in real earnest !

*1st Austrian Sol.* The sovereigns of Italy ! who are they ?

*1st Sov. Cit.* Every man of the population enlightened with a few texts of the Enlightened Law Book.

*Queen Justitia.* A lot is decreed to every soldier Who quits the Hapsburg.

*Young Gen. P.* The Sovereigns of Italy decree a homestead to every soldier who renounces Hapsburg.

*Queen Justitia.* Adopted sovereign citizens of Italy ! we do here take this most modern and original enlightened method of increasing our garrison by filling up Italy, universally, with glorious free population. Enlightened Lawyers, make out the several perpetual lifehold title-deeds.

*Austrian Sol.* Homesteads ! where are they ?

*Young Gen. P.* Here, gentlemen ; all the country round for several ravishing miles.

*1st Aus. Sol.* It's a trick to ruin us.

*2d Aus. Sol.* To get our military stores and accoutrements from us, and then fall upon and slaughter us without mercy.

*3d Aus. Sol.* No, no ! we'll not be caught so.

*4th Aus. Sol.* Ah ! ye're tricky now, ye want us to give up our guns and ammunition.

*Queen Justitia.* No, gentlemen, nothing but to plant you down as the future Sovereigns of this portion of Italy, enlightened in celestial fashion as all the rest of the cerulean world soon will be.

*1st Aus. Sol.* But what shall we do with the homesteads and free farms ?

*2d Aus. Sol.* We are ignorant as Goths of any arts of cultivation.

*Young Gen. P.* Soldiers, now sons of Ceres,

And Enlightened Sovereigns of Italy !  
Sit down and make yourselves quite easy, while  
Her fair and open majesty tells you all.

*Queen Jus.* We've thought of that, as of everything else,  
that the universal sovereigns would need on coming to their  
thrones and raptured lots in God's enlightened estate.

*1st Aus. Soldier.* O thanks to your serene majesty, as  
well as to the Inventive American Friend !

*2d Aus. Soldier.* It was America's unrivalled original pat-  
tern that under Lafayette started the first French Revolution  
as I understand.

*Queen Jus.* Here are several acute Scotch original agri-  
culturists, who'll cultivate your free farms for you, and render  
you over the profits after defraying the charge of working  
them.

*3d Aus. Soldier.* O then we'll live in dignity like Kings !

*Queen Jus.* Certainly, you shall ; why shouldn't you ?

*Young Gen. P.* Welcome, O Italy's adopted sovereigns !

*1st Aus. Soldier.* Sovereigns ? O that's capital !

*2d Aus. Soldier.* Hapsburg may go to the devil. I'll serve  
Italy that treats me like a man, and no more Austria, who  
saddles me, and rides me, and robs me of my labor like a horse.

*Aus. Soldiers.* So shall we all.

*1st Aus. Soldier.* Now if ever Hapsburg invades Italy—

*Queen Jus.* Don't trouble yourself to think of it. Your  
enlightened example here in Italy, magnetizing Austria the  
same, will thaw the frigid tyrant out of all his strongholds,  
and fling him down into horror of vacancy where hitherto he  
kept the People.

[Whereupon the Austrian forces, hitherto the con-  
venient arm of the tyrant Hapsburg, with acclama-  
tions that seem to lift the heavens, renouncing the  
hereditary scourge go over to the Queen of Heaven  
for Italy.]

1st *Aus. Soldier.* Thanks !  
Sovereign and perfect lady, fair Justitia !  
Thou effulgent deputy, Queen of Heaven for Italy !  
Commanding your heroic countrywomen,  
Who've undertook the rapturous profitable mode  
Of conquest after Nature's perfect God,  
The Lord of Paradise, our Heavenly Father.  
[Exeunt Queen Justitia, Young Gen. Power,  
and Sovereign Citizens, native and adopted.]

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## CHAPTER II.

Louis Napoleon brooding in his private Study in the Tuileries.  
Enter Messenger with Telegraphic Dispatch from Turin,  
which Louis Napoleon opens and reads.

'Hapsburg, with two-thirds of his force ravished away by Enlightened Law and Government, and rooted to Italy for the future, to save the remainder, has withdrawn it beyond the Alps. The Queen of Heaven for Italy is always attended by the Inventive American Friend, and wherever the enlightened rapturous twain do go, all the population is ravished and renewed ; every old haggard thing thrown up for celestial new and round complete endowed with fortune.' O in vain I'll now hurl my legions down on Italy, become by enlightenment like universal jubilant Alps, high and impregnable, wall reaching up to heaven or unconquerable region. I'm chained ! I'm fettered ! I'm bound to inactivity, and see the advancing tide that is to sweep me, Napoleon, though I presently fill the world with my fame, to oblivion, to all the raptured peoples of the future. Europe will forget that ever Napoleon has been, Napoleon that so enchained her ; all raptured by enlightenment to the diamond heaven.

[Enter Victor Emmanuel, scampering and limping at the same time.]

*Vic. Em.* I'm thrown off! Hang it! I'm thrown off!

*Louis Nap.* How?

*Vic. Em.* Sardinia,

With Piedmont, has declared for Enlightened Law

'That severally constitutes the People, Kings.

*Louis Nap.* Sacredieu!

Stop, I spy a ray of light.

*Vic. Em.* What?

Enter Prince Napoleon.

*Prince. Nap.* Invade Italy!

*Louis Nap.* Away!

Thou flagrant evil genius of ruin!

Invade Italy?

*Prince Nap.* Ay, execute immediate coup-de-etat, for you know if Enlightened American Hercules once secures a footing, the devil couldn't root him up.

*Louis Nap.* Invade Italy! Ah, no! Call Mr. Fogbank, the Spiritualist, to lie down from his chambers overhead.

[Exit Valet, followed by Prince Napoleon. Enter the Spiritualist, Mr. Fogbank.

Hail, Master Fogbank, illustrious Spiritualist;

Thou new world seer, original inspired prophet!

If it be in the power of thine art

To introduce me to the august shade

Of my deceased uncle, do it immediately.

[Our prophet thumps the table for a response of the spirits. Re-enter Prince Napoleon and valet and steal slyly inside a closet.

*Prince Nap.* I'll be hanged, if I don't play the original Great Napoleon and mightily tomfool them both. Especially, as I desire the war that gives certain hope to carve me out a kingdom or two in Italy.

*Valet.* I by all means advise your imperial highness to do so.

*Louis Nap.* Speed thee, Fogbank ! I am impatient to know  
The absolute decrees of Fate.

[Illustrious Spiritualist Fogbank bestows the table  
sundry importunate raps.

*Fogbank.* Obedient to my peremptory summons  
The mighty shade is come, and chafes and frets,  
To enlighten me with knowledge supernatural.  
What are the interrogatories of France's master ?

*Louis Nap.* I'm no ordinary mortal,  
To trust another man to be my mouth-piece.  
I shall interrogate the spirit myself,  
And hear the startling words of revelation,  
From lips of the awful visitor. Proceed,  
Great uncle, my illustrious type and pattern !  
To enlighten and to stimulate to highest  
Heaven of greatness, thine undivided nephew !

*Prince Nap.* Unflinching prosecute thy star in all cir-  
cumstances.

[Prince Napoleon playing ventriloquist in the closet.]

*Louis Nap.* Star !

O that's the attractive and victorious path  
To victory and triumph. Ay, I shall !

*Fogbank.* Zounds ! I've conjured up a certain veritable  
quick and live spirit, and no mistake.

*Prince Nap.* Proceed ! and whether in burnished fortune,  
or haggard disaster, remember—

*Louis Nap.* O my boundless uncle !

*Prince Nap.* Thy star, Empire !  
Ravishing France to be thy second ; yea,  
Thy great and rapturous support throughout  
War's fiery and critical ordeal.

*Fogbank.* Egad! The Grand Napoleon himself in all his original thunder of circumstance, I declare!

*Louis Nap.* Yes, come Empire, my star! Empire, that inspired my boundless great uncle, and took him terrifically upward as the arched heaven wafts toward it the imperial flames of a grand conflagration.

Yet, thou resistless master prompter,  
And entire ardent governor of my being,  
Though I do hold the reins and govern France!  
General Power is a degree above me,  
Enlightening and rapturing power away,  
Rooting, distributing, ravishing unity.

*Prince Nap.* Come! No yets,  
Nor impossibilities with the Napoleon.

[Louis rushes toward and embraces Master Fogbank.]

*Louis Nap.* Illustrious Spiritualist, Master Fogbank,  
Take thy reward thou well hast merited.

[Thrusts a purse of gold upon the staggering over-  
powered recipient.]

From hence thou art my privy counsellor, Fogbank,  
For by thine admirable mastery of the spirits,  
Conjuring the mighty shade of the august dead,  
I'm filled with three times more magnificent dreams  
Of grandeur, than I ever could pretend to yet.

[Exit Fogbank, astounded. Exeunt Prince Nap. and  
Valet, giggling and laughing.]

[Enter Persigny in haste, having in his hand a  
paper containing Old General Power's Proclama-  
tion to Europe.]

*Louis. Nap.* What have you there, Persigny?

*Persigny.* A document momentous as a thunder clap.  
General Power's Proclamation to Europe.

*Louis Nap.* The devil, let me see it !

[Grasps and reads the proclamation.]

*De Morny.* Ten grand Emperors or merchants with imperial revenues immediately promised Marseilles !

[Reading and commenting on Document over Louis' shoulder.]

*Walewski.* Hang it ! As many more to Havre.

*Fould.* Two hundred Grand Emperors or merchants equal to imperial, promised to Enlightened Paris.

*Persigny.* Quite a great many of Grand Emperors to France in general in the Diamond Future. O hang the inventive American crusader !

*Louis Nap.* So many grand Emperors ! Confusion !— This is a coup de etat I am quite unprepared for ! Ah, I do perceive Enlightened Law is all powerful, though without appalling artillery ! Gentlemen, what's to be done ?

*All.* Hang inventive American Friend ! always knocking Europe sky high with span new examples, and span new ways of this and that, for ever feretting creation thro'.

*Wal.* O how he's lamed us !

*All.* Hamstringed us ! Hang him !

[All limping.]

*Louis Nap.* A hundred grand Emperors immediately promised Havre, eh ?

[Louis puts the question to them as though he did mistrust his own eyes.]

*All.* Ay, hang it !

*Louis Nap.* A hundred grand Emperors or merchants with imperial revenues promised the city of Marseilles under Enlightened Law and Government.

*Per.* Ay, so purports the transcendental proclamation of Grand Marshal General Power.

*Louis Nap.* Thunder and lightning ! Precipitate the war at once ! Order my legions on march for Italy !



[So saying, Louis impetuously dashes off, followed at a desperate rate by the several individuals of his cabinet. Re-enter Prince Napoleon and the Valet, both intoxicated and quaffing free libations from a wine bottle, which each ever and anon flourishes.]

*Prince Nap.*

Bravo !

Determination's remedy for extremity.

*Valet.*

Bravo, war !

Decisive 'gainst Grand Marshal General Power.

*Prince Nap.* Bravo ! We insist upon immediate war

With inventive American Crusader, General Power.

[Exeunt. Re-enter Louis Napoleon, leading by the hand Pope Pius IX., who in excess of affliction precipitately throws himself weeping into Louis' filial and dutiful arms.]

*Pope P. IX.* O, our respectful and devoted guardian, Napoleon, our well belovéd son

We're forced for refuge to the arms of France.

*Louis Nap.* What's the matter ? Holy Father !

*Pope P. IX.* O that Power ! O that Queen of Heaven !  
They've raptured away the population  
Of Rome, and in truth of all Italy !

[Enter Cardinal Antonelli and other ecclesiastics.

Pope and Cardinals go down upon their kness, and, raising their hands, imprecate curses on the Queen of Heaven and the Hercules of Enlightened Law and Government.

*Card. Antonelli.* Hell gnaw the dragon who hath o'erturned our pious government of the Roman States and endangered universal maternal church ! O hell gnaw him !

[Then simultaneously jumping on their feet, they

severally exalt their hands over Louis' head, and invoke blessings upon him as the protector of Holy Church.

*Pius IX.* Heaven bestow success upon thy legions, and, through thee, deliver our Pious States from profane grasp of the modern dragon, General Power and his legions.

[*Exeunt Pope and Cardinals.* Louis Napoleon is attacked for the first time with a shivering fit of indecision.

*Walewski.* Yet, courage ! Be Empire thy star, and follow the First Napoleon.

*De Morny.* Fast as shadows flee, the light difficulties fly before Napoleon's eagle glance.

*Louis Nap.* Ha, General Power is a pupil of General Light, and has learned of Light, the secret of a conqueror, that is, to never turn his back, but go on and ever go on courageously straightforward, rapidly burning like ardent fire through thick and frigid heart of obstructions.

If I invade now enlightened Italy, I shall lose my forces, liquidated amid raptured ocean of sovereign Peoples rooted by Enlightened Law.

I'd melt away like the Grand Army on the snows of Russia.

Europe will be raptured in spite of the meteoric attraction I do exert.

[*Enter old Rothschild hurriedly, and dreadfully agitated, and flapping his fingers as if he had newly burned them.*

*Old Rothschild.* O, hang ye, I've burnt my fingers by touching ye speculating gentry ! Wo the day I ever saw ye, furnace makers !

*Louis Nap.* Why, how now, what's the matter, M. Rothschild ?

[Pulls out letter, but instantaneously tosses it away from him as though it were incandescent iron.

[Valet picks up paper and deposits it in Louis Napoleon's hand. Enter young Rothschild.

*Old Rothschild.* Read! O this is precursory subterranean thunder to the great astounding earthquake of the end!

*Young Rothschild.* It reveals itself like light enough by a whole stunning volume in the title page.

*Louis Nap.* What, Telegraphic message from General Power to M. Rothschild?

*Old Roth.* Ay, you see, General Power, the Grand Marshal to the future, cautions me not to lend any more to the tyrants! No, nor nobody else.

*Louis Nap.* [reads] 'Whereas Europe has hitherto been the frigid stronghold of unnatural, hyperborean, semi-barbarian scourges, yclept the Great Powers, behooves you know, all that is likely soon to be changed by Enlightened Law.' So, so, so! [Seeming stupified..

*Old Roth.* Oh! ho! ho! mine shecurities, mine shtocks. Lends! no, no, no! I lends no more to nobodies. O ho! ho! ho! mine shecurities, mine shtocks! O ho! ho!

[Exeunt Old and Young Rothschild, loudly murmuring.

*Louis Nap.* Ho! my uniform, made after pattern of the first Napoleon, who, now, doubtless, auspiciously regards me out of heaven; having so far by his capital ideas developed my extraordinary political destiny!

[Exeunt, and presently re-enter lackeys with a gray coat and cocked hat, which Louis immediately dons over his military suit.

Now, I'm complete with the decisive spirit of my great uncle. March for Italy, ho! [Exeunt

## CHAPTER III.

A room in M. Rothschild's House. Enter Rothschild frantic. Enter a Deputation of the Enlightened Sovereign Millions of Italy, conducted by Professor Dandolo and Students.

*Roth.* Oh ! ho ! ho ! mine shecurities, mine shtocks ! Lends ! no, no, no ! I lends no more to nobodies. Oh ! ho ! ho !

*Student.* Truly, M. Rothschild, you do' right.

*Prof. Dandolo.* Why don't M. Rothschild go off to the future arbiters of Europe, the Sovereign People, the Enlightened Clergy, and Enlightened Press !

*Rothschild.* O my brain's crazed ! So much as I've loaned to this upstart, Louis Napoleon, an adventurer ; a speculator on the poor outcast Jews ; a despised scamp, who has imposed on me with Emperor too long.

*1st. Stu.* Why don't M. Rothschild pay court to the Queen of Heaven, the mistress of the position, who is to rule by a bullion enlightened united deputies in the future ?

*Rothschild.* Queen of Heaven ! That's some new adventurer, with an imposing name.

*2d Stu.* No, sir ! She has got the round earth in her arms to enlighten and unite its real sovereigns, the People.

*1st Stu.* Why don't you apply to capital Inventive American Friend in your difficulties ?

*Rothschild.* Och ! I'll believe in no man any more.

*Prof. Dandolo.* Sure, there's more infinite world of hope under the Queen of Heaven than the unnatural Tyrants.

*Rothschild.* Give orders for my coffin to be brought, ho ! Straightway !

*Prof. Dand.* Suppose you loan to the future enlightened Sovereign People in lieu of the semi-barbarian Tyrants and hereditary Scourges.

*Rothschild.* I'm sick of daylight. Make me my shroud, ho!

[Thereupon exeunt servants, who anon return with sheets in which M. Rothschild pounces with frantic avidity, wraps himself up, and lays down on settee.

Tell them to hurry up my coffin. Och, what a horrid world we do live in! I'd never see daylight.

[Here enter servants with coffin. Rothschild sticks his head out of his shroud, and exclaims sadly and importunately:

Lift me into my coffin, away from hated daylight and corrupt sight of shtocks and shecurities bursted.

[The servants lift M. Rothschild into his coffin and lay him out flat like a dead body.

Comfort at last in my tomb, and home of all my fathers!

[M. Rothschild lays down, but immediately gets up his head.

Screw the lid down. I'd embrace dust, and realize oblivion to all this confounded world full of blood and thunder.

[The servants weep and apply handkerchiefs to their streaming eyes.

Don't distress yourselves, I see no prospect but this.

*Old Butler.* O Monsieur! Monsieur!

*Rothschild.* So horrified as I am by corrupt bursting of my shtocks and shecurities.

*Old Housekeeper.* O, a sad day!

*Rothschild.* I cannot bide daylight more! Screw the lid down on me, as good as dead.

*Old Butler.* A hideous, hideous day of explosions, of deaths, and sudden leave taking.

[Rothschild raises up the coffin lid and sticks his head out, and communicates his last injunctions.

*Rothschild.* Wait a little! pray, remember my last dying prayer at my departure.

*Old Butler.* Ay, Monsieur Rothschild, we do reverentially attend you.

*Rothschild.* Note me! If the shtocks and shecurities resuscitate, be shure you wake me up! Not a moment more shleeps for me. Be shure!

*All.* Ay, ay, Monsieur, we'll be attentive.

*Rothschild.* In haste, O convey me to my tomb and of all my fathers!

[Thereupon exeunt servants in funeral procession, bearing upon trestles the coffin containing the mortal remains of their apparently departed master. Exeunt Prof. Dandolo, and the Deputation, greatly astonished at what they witnessed.]

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## CHAPTER IV.

Scene: Another room in M. Rothschild's House; the walls are tapestried with black velvet.

Enter Secretary, who knocks on the coffin lid. Rothschild heard calling from within.

*Rothschild.* Who's that? what's wanted?

*Secretary.* The sovereigns of Italy desire an interview.

[Sticks his head out of the coffin.]

*Rothschild.* Bah! bah! Answer them, I put no more faith in Kings and princes, having set my heart on supernal prospects.

*Secretary.* So have they, I may say; they've burnished up old tarnished Europe pretty considerably since you went to sleep.

[Enter another secretary.

*2d Secretary.* Cheering news from Italy, M. Rothschild.

*Rothschild.* Eh, eh ! How go shtocks and shecurities ?

*2d Secretary.* Europe's got thro' the last crisis of her thousand years' fever, and regained enlightened health and strength to last her a countless raptured time.

*Rothschild.* O make me a plain revelation ! I can't stand so many agitations. Speak ! Are shtocks up or down, or how ?

*Secretary.* Up ! up !

*Rothschild.* Not a moment's more shleeps for me ! Call my valet de chambre, ho !

[M. Rothschild precipitately evacuates the coffin. Valet de chambre, ho ! to array M. Rothschild for the raptured future !

[Here happily enters valet de chambre, who incontinently takes M. Rothschild in careful assiduous hands.

*Rothschild.* Show in the Sovereigns of Italy, ho !

[In another minute, the Enlightened Sovereigns of Italy are ushered into M. Rothschild's presence.

Be brief, raptured sons of the future, for, during the remainder of this good day, I'd solely revel in thoughts of recuperated shtocks and shecurities.

*1st Enlig. Sov.* If Baron Rothschild would revive his railway and other stocks in France, let him contribute to draft Louis' army away to the flanks of the Pyrenees, and so endow France with enlightened freedom and opulent activity for all the future.

*Rothschild.* I'll do it. I shall !

[M. Rothschild then makes out a draft, signs it, and gives it to his Secretary.

There, I'll attend to the whole business myself. No more

drowlers around or tiger adventurers, I warrant, if planting population will prevent. [Exit Secretary.

Convey word to the Queen of Heaven, I'm her devoted servant in the future.

Help me out in the air. Och, I'm stiff ! Death's villainous bedfellow !

[The valets lift M. Rothschild carefully in their arms, and bear him out into the air.

Tell old General Power, the Inventive American Friend, I beg his pardon. [To Enlightened Sovereigns.

*1st. Enlig. Sov.* Ay ! M. Rothschild.

*Rothschild.* But, Peoples, have ye tied up that prowler round, that tiger adventurer, Louis Napoleon ?

*1st Enlig. Sov.* No more is a coup-de-etat or stratagem effectual on the Enlightened People, universally rooted to God's free soil on one hand and raptured toward heaven or the other. [Exeunt.

## BOOK V.

### CHAPTER I.

A Plain in Piedmont near the Passes of the Alps.

Enter Professor Dandelo, Students of the Universities, and enlightened Sovereign Citizens of Italy.

*Prof. Dand.* Napoleon is on march to Italy, and reported to be now crossing the Alps at the head of his grand army.

*1st Stud.* Let him come on and welcome !

*Prof. Dand.* Louis Napoleon, like his great mad tumid



uncle, is a meteor, may push his army to immeasurable headlong disasters.

*2d Stud.* Sovereign enlightened heroes, we now know how to meet and conquer every hot and plagued invader.

*1st Stud.* Rapturing his force up in enlightened heaven,  
Heaves down the tyrant into shrieking vacuum,  
Or innumerable black and dismal ruin.

*Prof. Dand.* No freedom in the world except under Enlightened Law and Government, elevating the universal People to sphere of prosperity and rapturous security, where they can by no chance lapse back in the deadly power of hereditary tyrants, all the same plaguy Roman and semi-barbarian brood.

*1st Stud.*           Enlightened Law,  
Ravishing the world upward, as they say,  
Hath tilted Powers in a measure over,  
That they now topple and hang loose and crazy,  
Ready to plunge headlong in scattered,  
Dismayed heap of ruin.

*2d Stud.* Italy's raptured evidently,  
Regenerated by Enlightened Law,  
Hitherto gnawn by aggressive tyranny  
Like Hebrides or skeleton capes of Shetland.

SONG BY THE STUDENTS.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
Every man free !  
Every man sovereign !  
Raptured by Enlightened Law,  
Perfect as arch of heaven !

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

[Join hands and dance during song.]

With happiness, liberty,  
Opulence, unity.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Every man free !

Every man sovereign !

[Enter Young General Power, and more raptured Sovereign  
Citizens of Italy.]

*1st Stud.* O capital, it has succeeded  
Beyond previous belief !

*Prof. Dand.* Enlightened Law and Government set forth  
by Inventive American Friend, ravishes Italy, and, after it,  
Europe to equilibrium, and no more need of treaties and  
armies to back them up.

*2d Stud.* Italy is packed full of glorious sovereign citizens  
from the shore up to the highest spire of her mountains.

*1st Stu.* 'Tis no more haggard earth, hereditary vale of tears ;  
But one of heaven's own enlightened raptured spheres.

*Young Gen. P.* You see celestial Enlightened Law has  
given France to Italy and Italy to France, perpetually an-  
nexed one to the other without conquest ; ravished by enlight-  
enment into perpetual, everlasting embrace, without a treaty,  
or suspicious patching up of tyrants.

[Enter a Messenger with a paper which he delivers  
to young General Power.]

How, now, Messenger ? What have you brought us  
here ?

*Mess.* General Power's proclamation to the sovereign mil-  
lions of Europe, and especially to the soldiers impressed into  
the armies of the tyrants. (Reads.) 'Proclamation to the  
millions of Individual Sovereign Kings of the Enlightened  
Republican Empire of France and Algeria, and all Sovereign  
Frenchmen in God's raptured united world ; also, to all the  
universal sovereign millions of Germany, Austria, British  
Empire, America, all the earth.

Will you bestow your enthusiasm on Bonaparte, who, with

captivating flattery on his lips, has, nevertheless, like his Machiavellian uncle, haggard designs upon you in his slaughtering heart?

Sovereign People of Europe, contemplate the immeasurable profitable future, that immediately awaits you under Enlightened Law and Government, and throw up Tyrant Louis and Joseph, and Alexander and the remainder of man-butchering tyrants.

Ascend your individual thrones, your several sovereign glorious lots in God's enlightened earth, which you severally do inherit by virtue of Enlightened Law, creating every body without robbing any.

Come out into the full light of God, and leave despairing Louis and Joseph and Alexander, and manslaughtering remainder of tyrants, to shriek and die out in the insignificant twilight proper to the hypocritical enemies of mankind.'

*1st King of I.* Good! We are now all Emperors, ravished by enlightenment of one sovereign mind, united in a perpetual glorious league of Peoples. Tell Mr. Bonaparte we do refuse any longer to acknowledge the legitimacy of outrageous tyrants.

*2d King of I.* We'll not admit Louis, or his Cousins.

*3d King of I.* We are the rulers of the world, the sovereign enlightened People severally established under Enlightened Law.

*4th King of I.* The sovereigns universally utter the law and government, rapturing them altogether in peace and omnipotent progression like the sphere itself.

[Enter a news bearer, whom the citizens surround and interrogate concerning the success of the enlightened campaign conducted by the old General Power and Queen Justitia.]

*Mess.* As the ravishing Queen of Heaven passes distri-

buting Enlightened Law Books, all the gentlemen are immediately raptured to Kings, all the ladies to Queens, enlightened sovereigns or united citizens of Heaven, God's Kingdom, in glorious league against bigotry and its plague of despotism.

*1st King of I.* Good! Good!

*Prof. Dand.* Bravo! The capital Lion of the Tuileries is shiftless at last, and without a possible expedient to save himself.

*2d King of I.* Better yet! Still better! Bravo, old General Power!

*All.* Bravo, Queen Justitia! the lady found by the Inventive American Friend, to put all Europe, all the earth right and straight at the rapturous start.

*5th King of I.* The millions severally hold claim to a throne from God, when they embrace His ravishing Enlightened Law and Government for the general well being.

*1st King of I.* The plunging tyrants curbed in their onward course, and feeling their foothold disappearing beneath them, soon will utter shouts of terror. Come, brothers!  
[Exeunt.]

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## CHAPTER II.

Another Part of Piedmont.

Enter Young General Power and Sovereign Citizens of Piedmont, about to exalt the Enlightened Law.

Enter Delegate of Louis Napoleon.

*Del. of Louis Nap.* What does the old General Power want for, that his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, has not already provided him with abundantly? endowed him with a great estate, created him Duke of Jura, Grand

Marshal of the French Empire; indeed, put on him all honor and fortune man can covet.

*Young Gen. P.* Truly, sir, the old enlightened General, our inventive American Friend, wants for nothing in the raptured world; but for anything your Emperor can bestow, believe me, it is rather an encumbrance to be deprecated than a help to be especially entreated.

*Prof. Dand.* General Power is the soldier of the Sovereign People; their own enlightened creation,—to decide their battles against the individual deadly Tyrants of Europe; the military usurpers who have grasped up God's estate; drafted one part of the poor into armies to slaughter and otherwise reduce in every haggard shape the other part.

*1st Stu.* General Power enlists every soldier of the world into the enlightened cause of the People.

*Del. of Louis.* Napoleon, prudent, godlike, would  
Rather conciliate before writing out  
His imperial resolves in fire and blood,  
Upon the stubborn, cross-opposed heart  
Of Italians in rebellious outbreak.

*Young Gen. P.* Return, sir, to your Master, and report  
Italy is now a universal Malakoff,  
And enlightened, impregnable wall like heaven,  
Defying tyrants, whether Bonapartes or Hapsburgs.

[Exit Delegate of Louis Napoleon. Enter Commissioner sent by Hapsburg to treat with the raptured Sovereign Princes of Italy, the enlightened millions about to be united and severally endowed with foundations under Enlightened Law.

[The commissioner reads an imperial document demanding the submission of Italians.

Commissioner, return this as our answer to your vain-glori-

ous Master. If by Austria, you mean Hapsburg, an armed usurper of God's estate, we do not know him, and never shall acknowledge him in enlightened world; especially in Italy, hitherto haggard skeleton enough, now going to be fashioned after enlightened and raptured manner of heaven, a full round, complete enlightened orb.

*Prof. Dand.* Tell Hapsburg, that with the talisman of God's Enlightened Law, your Master and yourselves are briefly brought to your end and merged in future with the people in immeasurable glorious Republic of Europe.

[Exit Commissioner of Hapsburg. Presently enters Louis Napoleon, Hapsburg and Victor Emmanuel.

*1st Stu.* See, the deadly tyrants themselves, who administered God's world by inventions in lieu of His own Enlightened Law, binding it altogether in perfect magnetic elevation, and enraptured unity like spheres of heaven.

[Enter old Time, armed with his scythe, and the three Recording Angels. Hapsburg, Louis and Emmanuel start up and hold themselves ready to escape.

*Old Time.* Don't I know your meaning? Tyrants, who maintain exorbitant government, in defiance of God, even on purpose to murder His universal Heaven.

*Hapsburg.* O, mercy, here is hoary Time himself, Bristled in arms, become our executioner.

*Old Time.* Tyrants, you have decided no question, nor ever intend to do it. Is it to decide questions to submit them to the bloody arbitrament of the sword? Will enlightened mind remain contented with a decision wrung by brutal force of arms? Nothing can settle Europe permanently and ravish peace without a treaty, but Enlightened Law, for the general well being, accomplishing the magnetic and perfect complete rapturous elevation of all Europe, like everlasting fixed stars of heaven. Now, behooves you know,

tyrants of Europe, Hapsburg, Louis, Emmanuel, and the plagued remainder, the time is up. Adjourn for ever! No more conferences of Great Powers! Europe's briefly ravished to unity by Enlightened Law. [Flourishing his scythe.

*Hapsburg.* O mercy, Mr. Time! We're going voluntarily.

*Old Time.* Hear it, gunpowder demons of war! Hear it, sham legislative shops! Hear it, Tyrants, and countless malignant, kindred things, harbored under their jungle wing!

Angels reply.

*1st Rec. Angel.* Enlightened Law, that roots everybody, raptures everybody; conquers universal harmony, ravishing endless opulent heaven, consigns every one of you to oblivion, your irretrievable dungeon in enlightened future.

*2d Rec. Angel.* To all the hitherto haggard subjects of Great Powers, now celestial citizens, I say, this is God's Heaven, and so People sit universally down, serene as the stars of morning.

*Old Time.* Hear that, ye tyrants! Forth!  
Hence, Bonaparte, out of God's raptured earth!  
Away too, Hapsburg and accursed Pope!  
Out! Out! Out! Out! Despots, the time is up!  
Angels of the last trumpet, speak!

[Angels blow the last trumpet, Tyrants rush out appalled.

*3d Rec. Angel.* So, the bottomless pit is shut! Tyrants, at last, with their haggard inventions, hove out of Europe, all the earth. [Exeunt Recording Angels.

*Old Time.* None have right to legislate in God's world, but God alone! Enlightenment, God's true and perfect redeemer, ravishes Enlightened Law and Government, that moulds all the world together in healthful unity and accord, like a proper raptured musical member of immeasurable magnetic united heavens.

[Exeunt the enlightened Sovereign People, clapping  
Old Time on the back.

## CHAPTER III.

The scene is in another part of Piedmont. Enter Louis Napoleon, Francis Joseph, otherwise Hapsburg, Victor Emmanuel, and members of their respective suites.

Enter American Gentlemen, on a tour in the vicinity.

*Louis Nap.* I never dare to encounter that army of Sovereign Italian ladies displaying Enlightened Standards.

[Louis seems petrified.

*1st Amer. Gent.* Now it is extraordinary marvel to see the dapper Lion, otherwise the Tiger Adventurer, thus shuddering and deprest with miserable and vacillating thoughts and ruminations. What's the reason, do you know?

*2d Amer. Gent.* Sir, an army of the ladies of Italy is en-route to meet and engage the legions of Napoleon, not to whip his eagles, but ravish them away with enlightened stratagems.

*Louis Nap.* Hang Inventive American Friend!

[Louis rushes distractedly hither and thither.

*Vic. Em.* O hang him! draw him! quarter him! about with his enlightenment, to ravish the feet from us.

*1st Amer. Gent.* No regret for hereditary hyperborean frigid scourges! [Victor frowns and blusters furiously.

*Louis Nap.* Fate drives me on! March to immediately drive the Napoleon of Light out of Europe!

[Napoleon continues to fly round frantically.

*2nd Amer. Gent.* Napoleon the chief of political Cajolers is desperate at last.

*1st Amer. Gent.* The Napoleon of Enlightenment and



the Napoleon of War and Bloodshed shall soon meet and encounter.

*Louis Nap.* Push on ! Charge and drive Power and the Queen of Heaven into the sea, before they infect all Europe with the strong and mighty magnetic contagion of Enlightened Law and Government. De Morny and Members of my Cabinet, go, engage General Power in negotiations, while I lay an ambuscade for him. Push on ! March ! Charge ! And drive General Power and the Queen of Heaven into the sea.

[Exit Louis Napoleon, Hapsburg, Victor Emmanuel.

Enter the Young General Power of Italy, and Sovereign Citizens of Piedmont. De Morny endeavors to negotiate with Young General Power.

*Young Gen. P.* Answer Mr. Bonaparte, the Kings of Italy, who are all her enlightened individual sovereign united population, hold no future negotiation with stereotyped Tyrants, outraging God, nature, truth, reason, humanity, and every enlightened interest of mankind.

*1st Sov. Cit.* Cabinets are scandalous knots of intriguing creatures who have managed to get the power and the reins of their country into their dangerous hands. Enlightened Law and Government ravishing unity of mankind, enables the world to advance all together like the omnipotent planet in one enlightened path for the future.

*2nd Sov. Cit.* Mankind cannot too soon get enlightenment and vote, by acclamation, Enlightened Law and Government for the general well being ; shelving in the future all such meteoric fire-balls as the two Bonapartes, seducing like Lucifer half the world of fools, looking at them, to their destruction in war or in one precipitate way or another.

*Young Gen. P.* No more a crisis in Europe, when ravished to Unity like Heaven under Enlightened Law and Government.

*1st Sov. Cit.* Enlightenment changes all old haggard things of tyranny into new, round and heavenly complete, and raises up hitherto opprest subjects of Europe into raptured United Citizens of Heaven.

*2nd Sov. Cit.* In vain Napoleon issues his manifestoes. The flattering lips of Tyrants cover a slaughtering heart. What mean those armies but to coerce the peoples in a barbarian furnace ?

*Young Gen. P.* Enlightened Law and Government ravishes an Enlightened Empire at home for every Frenchman, German, Italian, all the world. The Empire for a freeman is a home under Enlightened Government, a raptured monarchy secure as the sphere in its enlightened path.

[Re-enter Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, followed by Prince Napoleon.

*Louis Nap.* I shrink and cower up even as the flower under freezing clouds, when Old General Power is present.

*Prince Nap.* My cousin Louis having forgotten the mighty enchantment that is in his own name, now looks common enough. Essay to put him in better heart !

*Louis Nap.* Come, Fates, decide me something or another !—Mr. Fogbank, ho !

*Prince Nap.* Napoleon—Napoleon !

*Louis Nap.* Is it possible that I shall fall before an army of women ?—Mr. Fogbank, ho !

*Prince Nap.* Napoleon !

*Louis Nap.* If I turn my back, I'm henceforth spurned by Europe. If I charge upon them, it's inhuman act not to be thought of. I'm in such dilemma as never a Power was in before, pressed as I am by an army of women. Ho, Mr. Fogbank !

[Enter Mr. Fogbank. Louis Napoleon seizes on him at once, and exits, paying wrapt attention to the

spiritualist, followed by Victor Emmanuel and Prince Napoleon.

*Young Gen. P.* And by this bloodless and enlightened victory

All battles of the past are exhibited

As needless slaughter.

*Pro. Dand.* Good ! All questions in Europe briefly settled by Enlightened Law ; decreeing rent to buy the property ; universally distributing population without crowding ; rooting, and rapturing Peoples ; dispensing with the strong arm in government, and instituting universal harmony.

[Exeunt young General Power, Prof. Dandolo and Students.

[Enter on horseback, Queen Justitia, and her sister Harmonia, and Sovereign Ladies of Italy. The heroine of Enlightened Conquests enters freely into conversation with the soldiers of France.

*Justitia.* How does your Emperor feel in contemplation of Grand Marshal General Power, who, without any forces, but proper natural and enlightened ones, has undertook so great a conquest ?

*1st Soldier.* O, Lady, truly, as often as Grand Marshal General Power is mentioned to the Emperor Napoleon, then his hitherto triumphant star quivers, yea, is took with no ordinary mortal infirmity !

*Justitia.* Good, the hitherto capital Lion of the Tuileries is unnerved !

*1st Sol.* Paralyzed, Madam, struck with indecision ; the death stroke of great masters !

*2d Sol.* Ha, ha, ha ! so !

*1st Sol.* Ah, how I'm in love with the magnanimous Regenerator of Italy, disinterested Liberator of Europe, Grand Enlightened Emperor to reduce tyrants and deliver Peoples

like God's archangel by enlightening minds and rapturing universal foundations !

*Justitia.* Sovereigns of France, disfranchised and impressed in the burning Tyrant's grand army, know that Italy in this enlightened revolution, this transformation into harmony and immeasurable round complete celestial form, is under conduct of Grand Marshal General Power of America, and the young almighty General Power of Italy.

*1st Sol.* Grand Marshal General Power. O, that is more superlative name yet, than even the Emperor Napoleon !

*Justitia.* Enlightened Kings of France, impressed in army of stereotype notorious furnace maker, Bonaparte, capital follower of his selfish uncle.

*Harmonia.* Sons of France, we have no arms to oppose you, but the arms of our women ; who are every moment ready to capitulate and surrender to your embraces.

*Justitia.* We invite you severally to heavenly lots,  
In town and country, habitations free,  
In equitably disposed Italy, enlightened  
According to God's perfect profitable creed ;  
Assuring every body a raptured footing,  
Immeasurably aiding business and trade.

[Enter Canrobert, who orders them to beat on drums to drown the Queen of Heaven's harangue.]

Who'd bleed in plagued cause of tyrants ? What man's ambitious to bequeath his bones to bleach on a blasted battle field, and to help to blot history by yet one more atrocious record ?

[As often as the Queen of Heaven addresses the soldiers, Canrobert orders them to beat a rattatoo.]

Does Italy doubt the courage of Frenchmen ? No ! their valor has been proved sufficiently in thousands of fields. No nation in the world but respects France.

Is it ambition to battle, and be slaughtered for a notorious

crafty State-rider, who strides to his felonious glory over your annihilated bodies ?

Who is Louis ? Are not you individually just as good as Louis ? What elevated Louis Bonaparte to be State-rider of France ?

The vote of the millions inspired with confidence in Louis Bonaparte. Very good ! But Enlightened Law and Government, according universal sovereign rights, rapturing everybody without robbing any, is greatly better than expertest State-rider of all the Bonapartes, who gather up separate power and glory of the masses, and appropriate them to magnify their opprobrious family and dynasty, and to oppress you under intolerable pyramid of State-craft and Church-craft.

[During this dignified speech of the Queen of Heaven, Canrobert is running round frantic. Exit Canrobert with a sudden unaccountable bound.

[Whereupon exeunt, bowing a gracious adieu to the French heroes, Queen Justitia, her sister Harmonia and Sovereign Ladies of Italy.

*1st Sold.* She asked us who was Louis ?

*2d Sold.* Well, now Louis is a name of no mark,

*3d Sold.* However, Napoleon and Bonaparte are.

*1st Sold.* Lurid stars or foolhardy spirits like Lucifer that draw a world to their destruction.

*2d Sold.* We are bitted, bridled, saddled, yea, and drilled and driven to the slaughter for nothing we can see.

*3d Sold.* Ay, you heard what original Power, Enlightened Grand Marshal of Europe to the opulent future did say, how that we are severally sovereigns under Enlightened Law, and entitled to a foothold on God's raptured earth.

*1st Sold.* Come, comrades ! I think we are agreed to in future decide for freedom and independence, achieved by exalting Enlightened Law and Government, ending political dynasties, and without treaty or army to back it up, mag-

netizing all Europe into one immeasurable celestial raptured Diamond United States.

[Re-enter *Justitia*, her sister *Harmonia*, and *Sovereign Ladies of Italy*.

*Justitia*. You have come to achieve conquests in Italy. You shall have them, soldiers, yea, material acquisitions To your heart's content.

*1st Sold*. Into the arms of the *Sovereign Ladies* we throw ourselves, voluntary prisoners.

*2d Sold*. Pray lower your arms, ladies, we do accept.

*3d Sold*. We capitulate to the *Ladies of Italy*, and from hence begin the *Enlightened Conquests*.

[The right division of *Napoleon's Grand Army* then submits to the little strategic Regiment of the *Sovereign Ladies of Italy* for the *Enlightened Conquest* and settlement of Europe according to *Nature's God*.

[Here enters *Deputation of the Enlightened Sovereigns of Italy*, including *Merchants, Editors, Authors, Tradesmen, and Scotch factors* to cultivate the *Estates of the adopted French Army* in future exalted Italy.

*Justitia*. The prudent and intelligent *Scotch* here shall till your several freehold inalienable lots, and learn you agriculture, the first of arts, whereon hinges all the other springs and enlightened machinery of the world.

SONG BY EMANCIPATED FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

The Enlightened Law,  
Elevating Italy,  
Toward the arched sky,  
A perfect sphere of glory.  
Hurrah ! Hurrah !

[Exeunt.

## CHAPTER IV.

Another part of Piedmont. Encampment of the Left Division of the Grand Army. Enter Louis Napoleon.

*Louis Nap.* How now, whither are your companies gone off?

*1st Gren.* Inveigled into an ambuscade by the Ladies of Italy, and took celestial captives, as they say.

*Louis Nap.* In plain terms, where's my Grand Army?

*2d Gren.* The Grand Army headed by capital Scotch factotum is marching off to settle upon a territory bought up by subscriptions of Enlightened Italians.

*Louis Nap.* O, hell!

*1st Gren.* That's the world made haggard by tyrants hitherto, now beautiful with truth and justice, inaugurated at the perfect raptured start.

*2d Gren.* Thou, Bonaparte, the hitherto burning and coercive centre of tyranny, we do forever abjure.

*1st Gren.* Give thee to scorn,  
Slaughtering State-rider, conqueror for thine own  
Dynastic aggrandizement at expense  
Bottomless of the French People's blood and treasure.

[Exit Louis Napoleon tearing his hair, and rending the air with despairing shrieks. Enter Old General Power.

*2d Gren.* Who's the old gentleman?

*3d Gren.* Original genius from America.

*2d Gren.* O America's country of darling precedents of liberty!

*1st Gren.* But what's the capital old genius' name?

*2d Gren.* Rapturous Old General Power, the inventive American Friend!

*1st Gren.* O thank you, rough, original, and old,  
Yet most enlightened General of the World !

*2d Gren.* Who originated  
This ravishing new enlightened mode of conquest,  
This natural and bloodless cure for war,  
Decisive method to complete a victory,  
And topple tyrants down in shrieking ruin,  
Where hitherto they kept the implicit people.

*1st Gren.* Bravo, Enlightened Grand Marshal of the Future,  
Rapturing foundations on great Heaven's plan,  
Rather than like a conqueror o'erturning  
Them in inhuman fashion of barbarian.

*All.* Bravo ! Bravo !

[French Grenadiers embrace the Old General Power  
and cling affectionately round his neck.]

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## CHAPTER V.

Another part of Piedmont. Encampment of the Central  
Division of the Grand Army.

Enter Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel.

*Emmanuel.* O what a vacuum in my force created by the  
strategy of the women, irresistible with Cupid himself com-  
manding their light artillery.

*Louis Nap.* What ?

*Emmanuel.* To fill up the void in my troops, all Savoy  
could not. My soldiers every one raptured away !

*Louis Nap.* O I tremble for my Grand Army !

[Enter Queens Justitia and Harmonia on horseback,  
accompanied by a troop of the Sovereign Female  
Mounted Guard.]



*Louis Nap.* Justitia, plague of my sight, away !  
 What injury did I ever do to thee,  
 That thou shouldst rapture off my forces so ?

*Queen Jus.* Being thou'rt a tyrant, yea, the odious head  
 Of offending in God's all enlightened world;  
 Being thou'rt repugnant to the reign of truth,  
 And profitable raptured future of the earth.

*Louis Nap.* O, avaunt ! avaunt !

*Queen Jus.* 'Twere expedient to indulge a tyrant ! Ho,  
 bring up the Grand Army of the Sovereign Ladies for the  
 Enlightened Conquests.

[Exeunt some of the Sovereign Female Mounted  
 Guard.

*Louis Nap.* She meditates some immediate grand coup !  
 I am beaten at my own particular forte.  
 Canrobert ! Canrobert !

*Canrobert.* Here !

*Louis Nap.* Order immediate retreat. In view of the  
 Enlightened Standards, the ferment of my Grand Army is  
 something fearful to contemplate. Canrobert !

*Canrobert.* Here !

*Louis Nap.* Order more rapid retreat ! No safety this  
 side the Alps in view of Enlightened Italian Amazons.

[Exeunt Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and Can-  
 robert, commanding the French Army retreating  
 with precipitation.

*Justitia.* After him !

Let modern barbarian tyrants know,  
 That Heaven's the conqueror for Enlightened Time,  
 Heaving them, shrieking, down in vacuum.

[Exeunt Justitia, Harmonia, and Mounted Sovereign  
 Female Guard.

## CHAPTER VI.

Piedmont. The Grand French Army having, under sudden order from its frantic head, broke up its encampments, is about to defile through the passes of the Alps into France. Louis Napoleon through a spy glass surveys the little Army of Sovereign Ladies, getting itself in womanly array for the Enlightened Conquests.

*1st Soldier.* Bonaparte's evidently scared at the enlightened warlike preparations of the ladies.

*2d Soldier.* Well he may be, in view of his certain immediate annihilation.

*3d Soldier.* Ay, I doubt not, he'll never get back to France.

*1st Soldier.* Even my feet and my legs do partake of the exhilaration of my spirits, insomuch I incline to a grand stampede over to the free ranks of the Sovereign Ladies of Italy.

[Louis Napoleon suddenly drops his telescope, and exclaims:

*Louis Nap.* Hang the women, about to undertake some immediate grand coup! Ho, give the order for a more rapid retreat!

[Whereupon, exeunt some regiments of the Grand Army in precipitate hurry.]

[Enter Queens Justitia and Harmonia on horseback, at the head of a glittering Regiment of Sovereign Female Mounted Guard.]

Women, who have usurped the warlike function of men, why do you persistently follow me like my nightmare and hideous oppressor of my brain?

*Queen Justitia.* Herald, call out to the Burning Tyrant's Grand Electric Thunder Cloud to stop.

*Queen Harmonia.* Ladies, march intrepidly into the midst of his Grand Electric Thunder Cloud, and put up the lightning rods to save Italy by conducting all the furnace Tyrant's disfranchised force to serene enlightened location.

*Queen Justitia.* Let us do it! What will it avail Bonaparte or Hapsburg or Emmanuel to strengthen their positions in view of our enlightened rapturous troops of the Sovereign Ladies of Italy, severally having the gift of a free Paradise for every soldier of their coerced host.

*Scotch Factotum.* Bravo! You'll ravish the Grand Army entirely away in this enlightened rapturous war of the ladies of Italy against the outrageous tyrants.

*Queen Justitia.* We conclude no doubtful treaties with crafty tyrants, being we hold this world to be one enlightened magnetic unit, like the planet; living as we do now under God's own infinitely profitable Enlightened Government.

*Queen Harmonia.* We declare the end of Tyrants universally; and, to throw them down in contempt and shrieking vacuum, have determined on rapturing, like heaven, the universal foundation of the sovereign people through Enlightened Law and Government, exalted by acclamation of the millions.

*Louis Nap.* O, I pray you, good ladies, be satisfied. Isn't it enough that you've brought the Emperor to crave terms?

*Queen Justitia.* 'Twere proper to indulge an unscrupulous invader, who has not stopped to trample Heaven at the moment of her raptured inauguration upon earth.

*Queen Harmonia.* When did Napoleon ever yield any favor in battle to opponent? Who equals the Bonapartes in improving the sudden sun-gleam of advantages? Sir, lay down your arms.

*Queen Justitia.* Straightway command your forces to disarm.

*Louis Nap.* O, I pray you, mesdames, be merciful, and do not outrage the sweet nature of women ! Let me back to France with this shattered moiety of my troops.

*Queen Justitia.* No, we do need every man of them to fill up enlightened Italy after the fashion of Paradise, with garden lots and innumerable, immeasurably profitable homesteads.

- *Queen Harmonia.* Ladies, present arms !

*Louis Nap.* Forbear ! Forbear ! Mesdames !

*Queen Harmonia.* In mercy to a tyrant, eh ?

*Queen Justitia.* Ladies, present arms !

[All the ladies accordingly elevate their arms.

*Louis Nap.* Europe's great master ! O annihilate me not.

*Queen Justitia.* The answer I do make is, women, fire !

*Ladies.* Madam, what !

*Louis Nap.* O, blood and thunder, ruined ! ruined !

[Wringing his hands.

*Queen Justitia.* Salute of Welcome at the hundred thousand sovereigns, disfranchised and coerced in the Burning Tyrant's Grand Thunder Cloud for contemplated destruction of your country.

*Queen Harmonia.* Ho, Kings of France, welcome to Enlightened Italy !

*Louis Nap.* Avaunt, my terror, my brain's nightmare ! My heart's immeasurable sore and fever.

*Queen Justitia.* So with presenting your arms, with glorious salute of welcome, with proclamation of sovereign rights, free habitations in God's raptured ship to every French soldier, immediately ravish over to the oppressed side of your country the shrinking tyrant's forces.

*Louis Nap.* Mesdames, fy ! Home, and comfort your husbands, look after your children, and leave nice business of prime minister to the masculine sex ! Fy ! fy !

*Queen Harmonia.* Home, when we've finished the im-

measurable enlightened bloodless conquest for Italy! Home, when we've raptured your hireling bayonets, and thrown you down in black vacuum and shrieking pit of contempt!

*Queen Justitia.* The enlightened, united, raptured sovereign millions of Italy, from merchants down to day laborers, do hail and welcome the Grand Army of Bonaparte.

*Queen Harmonia.* And decree a free homestead to every soldier impressed under that capital slaughtering State-rider.

*Queen Justitia.* Lo, you, here are the title deeds! Ladies, hold up the documents to a free Paradise to every soldier.

[Several soldiers go over.

*Louis Nap.* Avaunt, Queen of Heaven!

*1st Sold.* Queen of Heaven, avaunt, eh?

*2d Sold.* No, Tyrant, avaunt thou, too long a plagued fashionable maintainer of wrong!

[All the soldiers join the Queen of Heaven.

*Louis Nap.* Canrobert, ho! Shoot them! the corrupt-hearted deserters!

*Canrobert.* Ay!

[Canrobert levels at the French soldiers going over, who, in return, present arms at Canrobert.

*Louis Nap.* Confusion!

[Enter several General officers with air of haggard dejection.

*Louis Nap.* Where's right division of my Grand Army?

*Queen Justitia.* Thrown itself all into the arms of the rapturous ladies of Italy conquering by enlightened stratagems.

*Louis Nap.* Fiends and furies! universal desertion, eh?

*Queen Justitia.* No, sir! Every one sovereign, and owing nothing to exorbitant tyrants, it was first ravishing duty

they did owe themselves to heave up you and your crafty state invention for their particular slaughter.

*Queen Harmonia.* Mr. Louis Bonaparte, your soldiers have concluded it was better on the whole than to further serve an exorbitant, crafty, ungrateful State-rider, to throw in their lots with the ladies, and aid in creating the immediate future immeasurable raptured foundation of Italy.

[Enter former French soldiers, now adopted, enlightened, united Kings, or Sovereign Citizens of Sardinia.

*Louis Nap.* Traitors, you've deserted France !

*1st Soldier.* No, M. Bonaparte, inaugurated heaven and true glory, and given a ravishing pattern for every individual sovereign Frenchman in the future.

*Louis Nap.* You have renounced your colors—broke your oath.

*2d Soldier.* That Bonaparte, with unwarranted tyranny, put on us to coerce us to the war and slaughter, for his own particular pleasure. Ha ! ha ! ha ! a capital flattering State-rider !

*Louis Nap.* Stop the news, ho ! Cut the telegraphic wires, ho !

*1st Soldier.* Too late, M. Bonaparte, too late. Already the news has flown upon thrilling wings of electricity over all Europe.

*Louis Nap.* Traitors, deserters, return to your arms !

[Enter detachment of former Grand Army, every soldier with a lady of Italy, his raptured wife and helpmate, hanging upon his neck.

*Louis Nap.* Return to your eagles, soldiers, remember the first Great Napoleon.

*1st Soldier.* How could we forget him so capitally imper-

sonated by his ambitious upstart nephew here in gray coat and little cocked hat !

*Louis Nap.* Austerlitz ! Moskowa ! The victories of the Nile ! Remember, how your fathers did severally clothe themselves with wreaths of immortality.

*2d Soldier.* And the passage of the Beresina, and Napoleon First scudding off in a sledge under bare poles for France, leaving his scrambling Grand Army to the murderous Cossacks, to the scavenger ravens, and to bury the famished and gnawn remnant the wintry funeral mantle of snow.

*3d Soldier.* We have contracted these enlightened ties in Italy, to rapture us in future, out of the slaughtering power of a State-rider.

*1st Soldier.* So, in fact, we shall not go back now, but will, after we've settled ourselves a little, to universally disseminate the same enlightened principles in France.

[Enter Scotch Factotum of the life-hold estate of the hundred thousand raptured adopted French Sovereigns of the Grand Army, settled in enlightened Piedmont.]

*Scotch Fact.* Hail, at once Kings of France and Italy !

Enter old Time, armed with his scythe.

*Old Time.* They issued proclamations in God's world.

They covered Europe with treaties and cut it up at their outrageous pleasure.

[Enter the Recording Angels and blow their trumps.

The Tyrants now happily dismembered of their forces start up and hold themselves ready to scamper.]

*1st Rec. Angel.* Tyrants, behold, we put you in pillory for all the future.

*2d Rec. Angel.* Write, write, Infamy against their several inhuman names.

*1st Rec. Angel.* No more Pharisaic historians to indite flattering histories of Cæsars, all tyrants disgraced together in enlightened future.

*2d Rec. Angel.* Come rapturous, hale Old Time, the future's hope ! Finish them up.

*Old Time.* Ay, but, if you please, I'm now Young Time, Rejoicing in enlightened millennium,  
World all enlightened and changed anew,  
That was as gnawn and haggard hitherto  
By thousand fold vicious tyranny,  
As wave-worn Norway.

[Then turning to the Tyrants, the old fellow denounces them furiously.

Tyrants, up !

Out of God's raptured enlightened ship !  
His free estate, no more downtrod by ye !  
Hypocrite state manœuvrers, up and out !

[Recording Angels then conclude the enlightened judgment by blowing their trumpets, whereat the hitherto confederated Tyrants separate in affright and disband.]

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## CHAPTER VII.

Savoy. The advance Regiments of the Grand Army defiling through a pass in the Alps. Enter Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel.

*Louis Nap.* Impossible, any more to successfully invade Italy, crammed with sovereign freemen, trained militia men, and artillery men, and all the passes bristling with armed fortes, and the plains scoured by patriotic troops of guerillas.



*Emmanuel.* And what's more disastrous than all together, that little, but effectual captivating army of the Sovereign Queens of Italy, displaying Enlightened Standards, are reported to be still marching forward on purpose to rapture away our remaining troops by enlightened stratagems.

*Louis Nap.* O, hang Inventive American Friend !

*Emmanuel.* Hang him ! Draw him ! Quarter him !

*Louis Nap.* America's Country of original precedents Fatal to Europe, beating Neptune at Popular and brief receipts for liberty.

Enter Scouts.

*Hapsburg.* Briefly speak the news !

*Scout.* The little mounted dragoon Army of the Ladies of Italy, to complete the Enlightened Conquests, is following rapidly on to encounter you.

*Louis Nap.* By whom led ?

*Scout.* Justitia, Queen of Heaven.

*Emmanuel.* O, that's a name will yet ravish Europe away !

*Louis Nap.* Slander no more can taint her than the radiant diamond.

*Hapsburg and Emmanuel.* O, terror !

*Scout.* Enlightened army of the Ladies of Italy, to complete the conquests according to nature, as they say ; and create immeasurable rapturous future, as they say ; and a countless enlightened population to overflow upon and elevate Africa, Turkey, Egypt, all the earth, as they say.

*Louis Nap.* Fall back ! retreat !

*Hapsburg.* O, forthwith !

[Enter old General Power, with Old Time, ever and anon patting him admiringly upon his back and shoulders, and otherwise playing masterly second to the Enlightened Grand Marshal to the Future.]

*Louis Nap.* How now ! Ha, see Grand Emperor Power, arbiter of Europe, particular favorite of Fate !

*Hapsburg.* Oh, there's General Power at enlightened head  
of raptured Europe !

*Emmanuel.* Hang Inventive American Friend !

*Hapsburg.* To abandon our ground is immediate defeat.

*Old Time.* 'Tis General Power, at the head of Europe,  
Pitted 'gainst individual slaughtering Powers.  
General Power is great degree 'bove Louis,  
When Power is present, Louis seems as nobody.

*Emmanuel.* All hail, our liege Grand Emperor of Europe !

*Hapsburg.* Welcome, our sovereign lord and arbiter !

*Emmanuel.* Pray you, being you are so august and great,  
Keep out of sight like inscrutable Jupiter,  
And let us openly govern in your stead.

*Louis Nap.* I too am fain to greet Grand Emperor Power.

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, I cannot consent to drop the  
General prefixed to my name. I'm not individual Power as  
you are, but original American General Power.

*Old Time.* And a brief straight forward pattern for En-  
lightened Future.

[Clapping old General Power approvingly on the back.

*Hapsburg.* O, horrible ! what a dogged, old, unmanageable  
bear we have here ! (Shuddering in view of the firm attitude  
of General Power.)

*Old Gen. P.* And for the Grand Emperor, gentlemen,  
you see we're all Emperors alike in forthcoming immeasura-  
ble celestial Republic. No, no, gentlemen, you see individ-  
ual power is tyranny, but General Power is power distribu-  
ted, is enlightened popular strength and freedom, the world's  
immediate lever up to Heaven.

*Louis Nap.* Lo, here I do resign for myself and my heirs  
all right to the French Empire, to universal Grand Emperor  
Power, and acknowledge—

*Old Gen. P.* Ay, I see, your Majesty has gathered up in  
your hands the reigns of France, and, indeed, of Europe.

*Louis Nap.* And my too Inventive American Friend, would you cross and dash and confuse so beautiful and appropriate picture by your Enlightened Conquests, according to Nature? O, no! Hang it! You must not do it!

*Old Time.* Ah, but he must do it, Louis. Ended are the six thousand years allotted to tyrannous Powers. Up, tyrants, up and out!

[Hangs his scythe impendingly over them.]

*Old Gen. P.* No more a few hereditary privileged sovereigns, but all sovereigns alike in God's enlightened heaven.

*Louis Nap.* O, my old friend, I beg of you put off The spread of Enlightened Conquests, rapturing Europe.

*Victor Em.* You will break our arm, our imperial reliance to govern Europe, old General Power, if you go on in your Enlightened Conquests according to Nature.

*Hapsburg.* Would you be known in opposition to established pious respectable governments?

*Old Time.* Furnace makers in periodic blasts of war, consuming humanity for their own selfish dynastic ends—afraid to be known in opposition to tyrants? Bah!

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, and my particular friend, M. Bonaparte, I'd say, you have had more opportunity than any men in Europe to institute the Enlightened Law and Government, for the whole, that for ever end pestilent tyranny, and inaugurate celestial perfection of the human race, universally redeemed by the Almighty's own perfect rule of enlightenment, but you have done just the opposite, combined to stave it off. Now what should an enlightened soldier, as I am, do in such a case? Why, gentlemen, the Enlightened Law ending all plagued and haggard things together, both inventors and subjects, must take its rapturous course.

*Emmanuel.* O General Power, have mercy, sir. Inventive American Friend, forbear! No more distribute your

Enlightened Law Books, that demonstrates us to be hypocrites, covert speculating wolves in sheep's clothing, who eat the people.

*Louis Nap.* My old friend, do not destroy me, the master of Europe!

*Hapsburg.* O hang the Enlightened Law Book, that has driven the Emperor the rampart whereon we depend from his wonted adamant countenance of imperturability.

*Old Gen. P.* Gentlemen, vain repining!

*Old Time.* Hark, drums!

*Old Gen. P.* The Army of the Sovereign Ladies of Italy for the Enlightened Conquests, led by the Queen of Heaven.

*Louis Nap.* Women! my uncle hated women, and I do the same.

*Old Time.* The more pity! but quite in keeping with the character of a tyrant.

*Louis Nap.* Never the snows, and sand and pine deserts, and vacant expanses of Russia, did strike more disaster to my grand uncle, than the Queen of Heaven, and her rapturous, celestial artillery for Enlightened Conquests do now unto me upon the sunny plains of Savoy.

*1st Velvet-footed Hour.* O see, yonder, Young General Power, with her most perfect celestial Majesty, Justitia, the Queen of Heaven, and her suite of countless individual Sovereign United Queens!

*Old Time.* This is not all. Her celestial majesty, Justitia, is followed by a train of opulent and most influential queens, already extending round a large segment of the planet.

[Louis staggers back.

*2d Velvet-footed Hour.* State-rider Bonaparte's desperate!

*3d Velvet-footed Hour.* All the State-riders, great and little, are in a bad way.

*Old Time.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! The Powers of Europe are in

future but carcasses for General Powers of the several nations, to cut up and dispose of at their enlightened pleasure.

*Velvet-footed Hours.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Louis Nap.* [Recovering himself with an effort.] Ho, Canrobert ! Order a more rapid retreat ! Save my remaining troops ! Canrobert, ho !

*Old Time.* You can't be permitted to do it, M. Bonaparte. We need all the soldiers to establish the future everlasting new foundation of Europe, marrying, endowing and rooting them individually down in Paradise lots by subscription of the Enlightened Sovereign merchants and tradespeople.

*Louis Nap.* I am desperate ! Ho, Canrobert !

Enter Canrobert.

*Canrobert.* Here.

*Louis Nap.* Order more rapid retreat, Canrobert !

*Emmanuel.* How now ?

[Enter Young General Power, and mounted Volunteer Guard of the former grand disfranchised Army of Bonaparte, now the raptured adopted sovereigns of Italy.]

*1st Adopted Son.* Soldiers, arrest the tyrants ! Take the plagued inventive despots prisoners, and never let them return, to plot more sedition against the integrity of Europe, and the happiness of the People.

[Surround and threaten Louis, Emmanuel, and Hapsburg

—The two latter immediately take to flight and exeunt.

*Louis Nap.* Ho, Groom ! saddle my horse. I'll back to Paris.

*Young Gen. P.* Gentlemen, there's hardly a jail left in all Italy to incarcerate Louis. Let him go !

*Louis Nap.* Groom, saddle my horse, ho !

*1st Adopt. Sov.* Sir, your groom has followed enlightened example of the soldiers, and become a rough and ready lover,

and husband and nursery man, and one of the raptured Sovereigns of Italy. For your horse, you are welcome to that, but you will have to saddle the beast yourself.

*Young Gen. P.* Hitherto, deadly tyrant and State-rider,  
Eagle of the French Capitol, to swoop  
On Europe, cut her up; yet Enlightened Law  
Has masterly curtailed Napoleon,  
Even himself, yea, put his enormous talons,  
His army, all to countless, profitable,  
Heavenly advantage.

*Louis Nap.* O don't speak of it, I ache at recollection of my sudden check, disaster and overthrow; and what is worse, I'm the only wreck left of all, my entire forces raptured up in heaven, confound me!

Enter Queen Harmonia.

*Queen Har.* One of the Ladies of Italy solicits the honor to cheer the Napoleon in this desperate strait of his extraordinary chequered fortunes.

*Louis Nap.* O pray straightway introduce her!

[Napoleon turning round. Exit Harmonia on Napoleon's errand.]

(Napoleon soliloquizing.) O, how I'll appear in enlightened future, my forces raptured prisoners, and my plagued self, drove out of Italy with contempt!

*Young Gen. P.* Hitherto old, crazy, tottering Europe!  
Now Europe raptured, created perfect  
As heaven, or God's own arched ineffable seat.

*Prof. Dand.* Here's one campaign that the future enlightened history will not blush to record, yea, to celebrate for ever as the raptured beginning of the reign of heaven and enlightened eternity upon earth.

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Never was campaign  
Undertook, executed, and finished up

So expeditiously as this of the Ladies.

*2d Rapt. Stud.* Bravo! Bravo!  
Enlightened Conquests elevating Italy  
Up like the heaven and magnetic sky.

[Re-enter Queen Harmonia with Queen Justitia, leading in the Empress Eugenie incognito.]

*Queen Justitia.* Here is the lady to recuperate Bonaparte—though presently a desperate State-rider.

*Louis Nap.* Veiled?

*Queen Justitia.* Withdrawn like vestal from man's lustful gaze.

*Louis Nap.* Yet encourage me with the sanguine hope of my star recuperating, and Napoleon is thine own.

*Queen Justitia.* You must know, the Lady yet has resolved that the world shall not compel her to break silence during your courtship.

*Louis Nap.* Mute, too! Then how on earth am I to know her, accessible neither in voice, nor in features, the mind's own sculpture.

*Queen Justitia.* As if she were Fortune and very distributor of the gods' bounties, she doth profess to have an Empire yet in promise for Napoleon.

*Louis Nap.* O, then, great signification in her mute and occlude attitude! She is an oracle, a prophetess pregnant with the mysteries of the future, conversant with the sovereign decrees of Fate.

*Queen Justitia.* Ay, indeed! like Diana of ancient renown.

*Louis Nap.* Present adieu! and, Lady, when you return breathe burning words, such as inspire a conqueror.

*Queen Justitia.* Adieu, and the day she mates thee, she will bestow you an Empire to reconcile you for that you have just lost.

*Louis Nap.* Rapturous Prophetess, adieu !

[Exeunt, hand in hand, Justitia and Eugenie effectually veiled and disguised.]

[Enter, in loud and excited conversation, Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Barguay D' Hilliers.]

*Emmanuel.* What, has Napoleon given it up ?

*Louis Nap.* No, let me see ! There's expedient somewhere in my wit, if I could hammer it out.

*Emmanuel.* Ay, the world credits you for a complete master ; perfect as a god with the fruitful gift of secresy. An inscrutable Jupiter, never exhibiting your hand before you are ready with the thunderbolt.

*Louis Nap.* I have it !

*All.* What ?

*Louis Nap.* Ask me not ! Enough, I have it ! Come on ! Groom, ho ! our horses. [Exit Groom for horses.]

(Aside.) Allot every soldier twice what they have, to yet follow me, and so cut them out of their original master stroke. Groom, our horses, ho !

*Emmanuel.* Good ! Difficulty flees Napoleon like the eagle.

*Louis Nap.* Napoleon ! Napoleon ! But keep reiterating Napoleon, that omnipotent name of enchantment, and I could conquer the world in arms—Napoleon !

[Exeunt Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel and Marshal D' Hilliers.]

Enter Prince Napoleon.

*Prince Nap.* Being as my old father, Jerome, has ran off with my young wife, I am fain to crave one of the ladies of Italy for the nonce.

*Queen Har.* We don't know you, or your old father, or anything about you, but being as you say you are in want of a helpmate, we can accommodate you, if you'll sit down and



swear allegiance to Italy. Hold up your right hand and asseverate. [Swears.

*Prince Nap.* I do!

*Queen Har.* Give him the title deeds of a free garden lot and commend him from me to the Grand Army of the Ladies of Italy. Whoever fancies the youth for a husband, take him and welcome!

Ho, step hither, the lady,  
If there be any, who doth look with favor  
That dwells in love upon the youth.

[Re-enter Justitia, introducing old Jerome Bonaparte and Clothilde incognito.]

*Prince Nap.* This, the lady?

*Queen Har.* Ay, sir!

*Queen Jus.* And the gentleman, her father-in-law.

*Prince Nap.* Lady, I'm a rough lover,  
Like every true soldier.

*Queen Justitia.* Fy, he hath a wife already,  
Clothilde, the late King of Sardinia's daughter.

*Queen H.* Already married; then in vain his present suit.  
Sir, you cannot have the rapturous lady

*Prince Nap.* Madam, I swear so impatient as I am,  
To embrace a daughter of enlightened Italy,  
I'd die of phrenzy. Love now courses like  
Delicious elixir through my veins.

*Harmonia.* No, sir, you cannot be permitted,  
Being you are already married to  
A worthy lady most devoted to you,  
Of whom you're undeserving.

*Prince Nap.* O, madam, do, do!

[Runs up to Clothilde and clasps her tight.

*Clothilde.* Mercy, O mercy!  
Help, I am in the fearful gripe of bear.

[Old Jerome unmask and stands by and claps his hands.

*Prince Nap.* What, my wife, Clothilde ? O happy meeting !

Clothilde unveils.

*Clothilde.* Ay, thy wife ! but if I had not just happened conveniently to be on hand, you had took another for wife than the lawful one.

*Old Jerome.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! How capitally, my boy, we've found you out in your secret amours !

*Prince Nap.* Father, this happens of keeping a young fellow from his wife.

*Old Jerome.* Now, boy, have her, as you're sober now, and deserve her ; hang me, if I'm a man to thwart your connubial Paradise. Ha ! ha ! ha ! That's it ! Kiss her and make the most of her possible, with all love's intoxicating assistance.

[Her new-found husband embraces and kisses Clothilde passionately again and again.

*Prince Nap.* Pray, ladies, pardon  
The exhibition of my intemperate ardor.  
Soldiers in love are apt to be impatient,  
Being their blood is far more aggravated  
And heated, than the plodding citizen's,  
Buried in cares and weary heap of business.

[*Exeunt.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

Lombardo—Venetia. A Tent. Louis Napoleon intently leaning over and studying Maps laid upon his knee. Tyrants Hapsburg and Brothers, with their desperate heads leant upon their haggard hands, sit drawn up in mournful retirement in a corner. Enter the three Recording Angels, followed by Old Time and his winged children, the Hours.

*1st Rec. Angel.* Thou hoary and innumerable Time, again intrude upon the Tyrants' deliberations, on Bonaparte with flattering lips, but slaughtering heart, who'd cajole Italy like his uncle; on Hapsburg wrapt in conceit of especial divine right.

*2d Rec. Angel.* Go, warn the tyrants that their time is up, And bid them leave God's raptured estate.

[Upon that, Old Time goes up to Louis and taps him admonishingly on the shoulder.]

*Old Time.* What are you doing?

*Louis Nap.* Ha, speak, who are you?

*Old Time.* Momentous circumstance of the planet Time!

*Louis Nap.* Ha, what are the imps accompanying?

*Old Time.* Time's children, the twelve velvet-footed hours, Who trip it light in the encouraging view of Rapturous approaching end of tyrants.

*Louis Nap.* Ha, saucy knave and eavesdropper!

*Old Time.* What are you doing? Patching up another perfidious treaty for Europe to break it after a few feverish years, and again renew your periodic slaughter in hurricane battle fields, blasting the people for the twenty thousandth time by your bloody contentions?

*Louis Nap.* Ho, gendarmes! Seize the miscreant.

*Old Time.* Depart, State-riders, furnace makers—out-rageous tyrants! The Enlightened Government that universally ends you, changes the world into celestial new, round and complete, is about to be proclaimed by unanimous acclamation throughout Europe.

*Louis Nap.* How d'ye know it?

*Old Time.* I'm Time, a daily pilgrim  
To all the world's enlightened circumference.

*Louis Nap.* Liar, that time shall never come, when I, expert State-rider as I am, shall be deposed by popular vote.

*Old Time.* Despair, for this very minute is  
Voted the rapturous end of Tyrants.

[Trampling footsteps of a regiment, with rolling drums, heard.

*Hapsburg.* By heaven, we're surrounded!

[Starting up.

*Louis Nap.* Gendarmes, ho! Chasseaux de guard, ho!  
Marshal, why are you apathetic and lethargic?

[Running round frantically.

*Marshal of Guard.* Alas, your Majesty,  
During your oppressive study of the Map,  
Young General Power, raptured away  
Your forces severally into a lot,  
With Enlightened Citizenship in Italy.

*Louis Nap.* Fiends and furies!

*Hapsburg.* Sacre dieu!

[Presently enter the Young and mighty General Power of Italy, accompanied by the Honorary First Civil Minister or Diamond President of Italy for the United Sovereign Citizens and a staff of civil officers in resplendent uniforms.

*Young Gen. P.* In this tent the tyrants are reported to be.

*Hapsburg.* I am Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria by divine right.

*Young Gen. P.* You deliver up your arms, who hitherto throve by usurpation of God's Enlightened estate.

[Surrender their arms to Young General Power of Italy.

*1st Rec. Angel.* Behold, a final period is put  
To Tyrants—the earth raptured complete!

*2nd Rec. Angel.* Now, having seen the world right and straight,  
Soar back to Heaven's own arched and perfect seat,  
God's Universal Sovereign Throne of Light!

[Exeunt Recording Angels.

*1st Citizen.* This is Louis Napoleon!

*Louis Nap.* Ha! how do you know me?

*1st Citizen.* Sir, the great gray coat and little cocked hat, wherein, it appears, you wish to act over your plagued turgid uncle again, indicate you enough.

*Louis Nap.* Ha, d'you say so? Who are you?

[Enter Messenger, bearing Telegraphic Message from France.

How now?

Thy livid look portends a plagued clap!  
A deafening thunder peal, if I mistake not.

[Louis opens and reads dispatch brought by messenger.

'The Citizens of France by universal acclaim have voted to draft the armées remaining in France into free farms at the foot of the Pyrenees, and in other appropriate places, and the funds thereto at a low rate of interest have been found by the Rothschilds and other rich financial firms.'

[Louis looks blank.

*Young. Gen. P.* See, at length, dismayed the man of adamant, whom chaos couldn't hitherto confound.

[Enter the Empress Eugenie and attendants

*Louis Nap.* Lost ! utterly lost !

[*Eugenie* embraces her husband.

*Eugenie.* No, there's Enlightened Empire in reserve !

*Louis Nap.* You, *Eugenie* ? Where ?

*Eugenie.* In perfect heaven of each other's arms.

*Louis Nap.* Ah, *Eugenie*, when fortune departs, love, like a traitor, flies after.

*Eugenie.* No more a haggard thing in the world to injure it,  
All lustrous and ravishing complete,  
With fortune as the diamond.

*Louis Nap.* How ?

*Eugenie.* You are the first of the Imperial Merchants.

[Presents him with title deeds of Mercantile House,  
and abstract of her business ledger. *Louis* accepts  
them with wonder and gratitude. [Exeunt.

[Enter Professor Dandolo, Citizens and Raptured  
Students.

*Prof. Dand.* Diamond Republic with Honorary President,  
too, has been voted, with Honorary Federal, Departmental, and  
Municipal Civil Ministers in lieu of exorbitant oppressive  
Prefects, etcetra.

*1st Cit.* No more Rome's traditionary heir-looms, and  
murderous machinery of statecraft ! Government now  
being on magnanimous type of Heaven, to universally clip  
the People in safety, not craftily keep them desperate in  
a leaky ship.

*2d Cit.* Such a change is this ! Evidently the world has  
sloughed its old reptile shell, and become an astonishing new  
thing ; henceforth, like a raptured orb of heaven, or the  
magnetic planet winged above imagination.

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Europe's got upon the right track ! Hurrah !

*2d Rapt. Stud.* Ay, this is the railroad improvement in  
government so long needed.

*Prof. Dand.* The citizens by unanimous rapturous accord have voted the enlightened law for the general well being, moulding them all in healthful unity, and even creating drunkards in despite of their own reckless efforts to the contrary.

*1st Citizen.* Ha! Louis, here's new idea of law for you, hitherto a haggard state invention, a slaughtering and suicidal Juggernaut to suit the private views of State-riders.

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Don't we know a thing or two, since old General Power was so good as to bring hither his ship-load of Enlightened Law Books?

*2d Rapt. Stud.* Pretty ones were furnace makers, to fashion law and conduct government.

*Prof. Dand.* Europe, in future, knows no government save Heaven's, perfectly embodied in the Diamond Republic, rapturing mankind in complete united and onward enlightened path.

[Re-enter Louis Napoleon and the old General Power.

*Louis Nap.* Grand Marshal General Power, I throw myself upon your mercy.

*1st Citizen.* And craves you to render the mildest disposition of tyrants compatible with their hereditary relentless plagued temper.

*Old Gen. P.* Citizens, you need dread  
Tyranny no more! Enlightened Government  
Transports the People up to perfect Heaven,  
To enjoy an integral sphere of harmony.

*1st Citizen.* What, won't you impose some exceeding exemplary punishment on hereditary stereotype state oppressors, Grand Marshal General Power?

*Old Gen. P.* No restraint whatever, but let our new-made friends, (despotism now being impossible in the world's enlightened circumstances,) severally pay their respects to the individual Sovereign People, if they will; and, for myself, this

glorious moment, I feel like hugging and embracing after the liberal French and Continental fashion. Come, my old New York acquaintance, there's a hint!

*Louis Nap.* O, my old comrade from New York!

[Louis Napoleon flies into old General Power's arms.

Enter young General Power with Queen Justitia on his arm.]

*Old Gen. P.* Here is the noble lady, she who represented the Justitia and perfect Queen of Heaven for Italy, who conducted the Grand Army of Ladies to the Enlightened Conquests that for Italy at least have been blessed with so ravishing an end.

*Louis Nap.* Welcome, madam! Though I, the Third Napoleon, notwithstanding my Grand masculine Army, am conquered by you, commanding your pretty strategic regiment of womankind.

*Young Gen. P.* All taken prisoners at the same time by enlightened manœuvres of the United Rapturous Warlike Ladies, solicitous to create an everlasting new celestial foundation for their native Italy.

*Louis Nap.* O, fate, you could have reserved no lighter downfall for the Third Napoleon! Tyrants had sent me headlong to the world's howling end; you rapture me in spite of myself, up to heaven's enlightened atmosphere, that anticipates all plots and state-machinations, and clips the people in everlasting unity and harmony. [Exeunt.

Enter, Raptured Students.

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Louis, though the capital'st State-rider, has been thrown.

*2d Rapt. Stud.* Pity of Louis!

*3d Rapt. Stud.* And with Louis, all his confederate brothers pitched into the mire of contempt.

*4th Rapt. Stud.* What, ruined, are they?



*1st Rapt. Stud.* No! The Enlightened Sovereigns of Europe have voted by unanimous rapturous exaltation of Enlightened Law, that the hitherto plagued despots shall be allowed to realize on their real estate, and, on the proceeds, go into business, leave the country, or——.

*2d Rapt. Stud.* Good! do just as they please!

*3d Rapt. Stud.* O, that was capital text of the Enlightened Law book, where it advises to give no more to Cæsars on compulsion.

*4th Rapt. Stud.* So Louis has been permitted to realize on his real estate, and go into business like an enlightened man and brother in Universal Raptured Celestial Republic? Good!

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Ay! And now ensues the grandest event the world has ever known, or ever can know, the inauguration of God's rapturous Heaven on Earth, the accomplishment of the Infinitely Profitable Diamond United States, or universal brotherhood of all mankind, ravished into endless unity and harmony under Enlightened Law and Government.  
[Exeunt.]

## CHAPTER IX.

Boulevards, Paris. Triumphant entry of the old General Power. Endless line of Carriages. Grand Imperial Merchant Bonaparte, and the Empress Eugenie in the procession. Immense crowds throng the streets.

*Parisians.* Vive Inventive American Friend!

*More Parisians.* Vive the Old General Power!

Vive the brief straight forward pattern for enlightened future!

Vive Grand Imperial Merchant Bonaparte !  
 Vive Eugenie, Queen of Heaven, for France !  
 Vive Justitia, Queen of Heaven, for Italy !  
 Ha, see, here comes Grand Imperial Merchant Bonaparte.  
 Good.

Bravo, Enlightened Grand Marshal of Europe to the raptured future.

## CHAPTER X.

The steps and porch of the Hotel De Ville, Paris, crowded by an immense congregation of Citizens.

*1st Parisian.* The five hundred thousand hitherto disfranchised Sovereign French Citizens in the grand Army, in lieu of any more hanging like an impending thunder cloud over Europe, have taken to the Enlightened Conquests according to Nature, and chosen them out severally, Ladies and domestic helpmates for the future.

*2d Parisian.* The great question, how to comfortably stow away the innumerable passengers in God's terrestrial ship, has been triumphantly demonstrated by the American Hercules, General Power.

*1st Parisian.* Bravo ! here comes the Enlightened Grand Marshal himself, Europe's Apostle to the raptured future.

Enter Old General Power.

*Parisians.* Bravo, inventive American Friend !

*1st Parisian.* Who settled the Grand French Army down on permanent auspicious quarters at the base of the Pyrenees and Alps, a rampart of sovereign yeomen.

*2d Parisian.* And capital cash customers of Paris and Marseilles, London, New-York, and all the world flourishing together.

*More Parisians.* Now, thanks to our straightforward American Hero, Frenchmen dare to tell the world the truth.

*Old Gen. P.* Well, gentlemen, my friends, since you dare, what?

*Independent Editor of Paris.* The Powers were outrageous State-riders for the especial slaughter of the People; Grand Tyrants mounted on mountain brute back of the several hitherto benighted nations of Europe, now raptured and perfect like the stars by Enlightened Law and Government, magnetically and perfectly uniting them, and no need for treaty or any other equivocal state midwifery whatever in the future.

*2d Ind. Ed. of Paris.* Treaties, like vestal virgins, could only fulfill their functions, as long as they remained in tact, which not very long they did among so many plaguy restless tyrants, craving to aggrandize their several dynasties.

*1st Parisian.* 'Twas poor Europe, hitherto depending on their treaties and equivocal patching up.

*2d Parisian.* The Emperor himself is the only man of all the Grand Army who hath escaped to relate the story of this unparalleled disaster.

*3d Parisian.* Amazing! Napoleon in this plight?

*1st Parisian.* All raptured away into life long captivity by the Ladies of Italy with enlightened stratagems.

*2d Parisian.* Evidently Old Time with his sweeping scythe is upon the several tyrants, mowing their plaguy inventive heads for ever off.

Enter Louis Napoleon.

*3d Parisian.* Evidently the end is come of Tyrants, and all malignant inventors, who hitherto made world of haggard misery.

*Louis Nap.* Citizens of Paris, I have unhappily to report my total defeat and overthrow in Italy. The little strategic Army of the Ladies for Enlightened Conquest made a perfect fool of me, allured over my innumerable host to

Paradise lots and suburbs. O alas, how I, and my capital grand turgid uncle, will figure in future enlightened history !

*1st Parisian.* O, Louis, what afflicting news it is !

*Louis Nap.* The Grand Army having triumphantly crossed the steep opposing Alps, was immediately encountered in Piedmont by a numerous manœuvring army of the Ladies of Italy, bearing Enlightened Standards, and every individual soldier presented with the title deed to a free sovereign raptured inalienable lot, as they say—whereupon, to my utter consternation and irretrievable ruin, the entire French Army, tho' hitherto burning for universal conquests like the centre itself, did throw itself in a complete inebriated body into the open arms of the Ladies, those fair accomplished manœuvrers of Italy. Hang them ! I can never hold up my head again.

[Exeunt Old General Power and Louis Napoleon arm in arm.

*1st Parisian.* Hurrah ! 'Tis glorious world since oppressive State-riders are raptured out of it.

[Enter M. Rothschild introducing a Clodhopper.

*3d Parisian.* Is this one of the raptured sovereigns ?

*1st Parisian.* Aye, sir, enlightened M. Rothschild.

[M. Rothschild in his new converted zeal, flies and embraces the Clodhopper.

*Rothschild.* There ! there ! there !

[The Clodhopper wriggles.

Don't swear at me any more for a miserly, heartless Jew.

*Clodhopper.* O sir, sir, my bones ! [Remonstrating.

*Rothschild.* There ! there ! there ! Your bones ? Away, settle down and gather substance around thee !

*Parisians.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Rothschild.* You are my capital, my shares. Away ! dy'e hear ? and take good care of yourself. [Exit Clodhopper.

*Parisians.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Rothschild.* Won't I glory in my shares ?

*3d Parisian.* Good time, truly ! Millennium enough when shares in humanity have risen.

*1st Parisian.* What are you doing, M. Rothschild ?

*Rothschild.* Glorying in my shares, I am, citizens. Hurrah ! Millennium's come !

*1st Parisian.* Your shares, where are they !

*Rothschild.* Here !

[Pulls out and exhibits title deeds for the soldiers.

*In. Par. Editor.* How, M. Rothschild ?

*Rothschild.* Sirs, the late Grand French Army rooted at the foot of the Alps and Pyrenees pays me gloriously ! Hurrah, my capital shares !

*In. Par. Editor.* Ay, I see, you're creditably embracing poor men enough.

*1st Par.* Do you reckon the clodhoppers among your shares, M. Rothschild ?

*Rothschild.* Do I reckon clodhoppers among my shares ? To be shure I do.

[Enter Young General Power of Italy, Professor Dandolo and Raptured Students.

*Rothschild.* Gentlemen, I'm no more a Jew, at least in nature, but renewed after large hearted pattern of Phœbus, who embraces our sphere, yea, all the raptured planets together. And yet I am a Jew, too, in that I have studied my own interest in investing in immeasurable Paradise suburbs for the poor soldiers at a low rate.

*Prof. Dand.* Good ! Yes ! Everything, however poor in shape of man, in God's enlightened Earth's become a privileged King, now raptured under universal Enlightened Law and Government, infinitely profitable. Hurrah !

*Parisians and Raptured Students.* Hurrah ! Hurrah !

[Throw up their hats, and M. Rothschild follows suit.

*Young Gen. P.* What, M. Rothschild alive ! Why, the report went abroad that you were dead and buried.

*Rothschild.* Europe has sloughed her old inveterate reptile shell, and so have I.

*Young Gen. P.* Truly, M. Rothschild, you did right to refuse another loan to Louis. Despots have got in universal bad repute, since Enlightened Law and Government have been voted.

*Rothschild.* Since Enlightened Inventive American Hero taught us how to drop infernal wars by settling down generally with advantage, shtocks and shecurities are transported and fixed up secure as the stars, hurrah !

*Young Gen. P.* Bravo ! How the good hearted old Rothschild glories in his shares in the estate of the Raptured Sovereign Grand French Army at the foot of the Alps and Pyrenees !

*Prof. Dand.* O no more slaughtering shams and humbugs, but all Enlightened Sovereigns !

*Rothschild.* Dese are de Sovereigns I tend to now. De Peoples, de universal raptured Princes, to build them palace, streets, cottage avenues, and lay them out Paradise suburbs. Hurrah !

*Young Gen. P.* The streets of Paris are become immeasurable opulent streets of a Universe Metropolis.

*Parisian and Rapt. Students.* Hurrah !

*Prof. Dand.* Europe, spurred by brief, rapturous American precepts of liberty, has risen like the sphere, yea, like the raptured orb itself, to fulfill an endless enlightened path in the immeasurable profitable future.

*Young Gen. P.* Europe's ravished to perpetual enlightened celestial peace without a treaty or suspicious patchwork !

*Parisians and Rapt. Students.* Hurrah !

[Cheers caught up, and reiterated by Sovereign Parisians and Raptured Students. Enter M. Correct, late Pius IX.

*M. Correct.* Alack ! I was a pious monster,

A hypocritical whining crocodile,  
Who kept a covert slaughter house for the Peoples.

*Young Gen. P.* How now, Pope Pius IX ?

*Prof. Dand.* The Pope, as head of bigotry, hates enlightenment.

*1st Rapt. Stud.* Where now, in view of raptured Europe, raptured earth, will the poor besotted Pope bestow himself ?

*M. Correct.* Beg your pardon ! I'm no more bigot Pope, nor crafty crocodile affair of state, but M. Correct, an Independent Clergyman or Enlightened Profitable Pope, since the people have applied the true line and plummet to humbugs, and raptured everybody to celestial, round, honest, entire, complete endowed with fortune, happiness, all gifts of heaven.

[Exeunt.

THE END.













